



THE YEAR BOOK OF CANADIAN ART

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THE YEAR BOOK  
*of*  
CANADIAN ART

1913

COMPILED BY  
THE ARTS & LETTERS CLUB  
OF TORONTO

LITERATURE  
ARCHITECTURE  
MUSIC  
PAINTING  
SCULPTURE

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## INTRODUCTION

Smit with the love of English Arts we came  
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame.

POPE

THE Year Book of Canadian art contains, in as condensed a form as possible, the record of the progress made by a young nation in literature, architecture, music, painting, and sculpture, during the years 1912-1913. Canadians have been largely advertised as a progressive, successful people, but so far no attempt has been made to review their achievements in those fields in which the fame of older countries has long been established. To supply the deficiency, this volume is published by the Arts and Letters Club of Toronto, an organization existing for the encouragement of art in all its forms.

Not a few Canadians have arrived at an international reputation. In literature: Gilbert Parker, W. W. Drummond, Bliss Carman, Louis Frechette, and Stephen Leacock; in paintings: J. W. Morrice, Horatio Walker, Blair Bruce, Homer Watson, Suzor-Coté, and Curtis Williamson; in music: Lavallée, Lucas, and Vogt; in sculpture: Hill, Allward, and Hébert. These are some out of many. But, scattered across three thousand miles of territory, are a host of others who, by faithful and sincere expression, are demonstrating the fact that

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art in all its diversified forms is becoming more and more an integral part of the life of the Canadian people.

Such reviews as the following must perforce be more or less incomplete. Furthermore, inasmuch as the Year Book has no predecessor, they must be, to a certain extent, retrospective. But a survey of the names on the list of contributors will show that the Committee has been most fortunate in securing writers who are without exception admirably qualified to treat of their respective subjects. The most encouraging feature of this undertaking has been the practically unanimous support given by those who have been approached. And to these widespread contributors we tender our most grateful and sincere thanks for their invaluable assistance.

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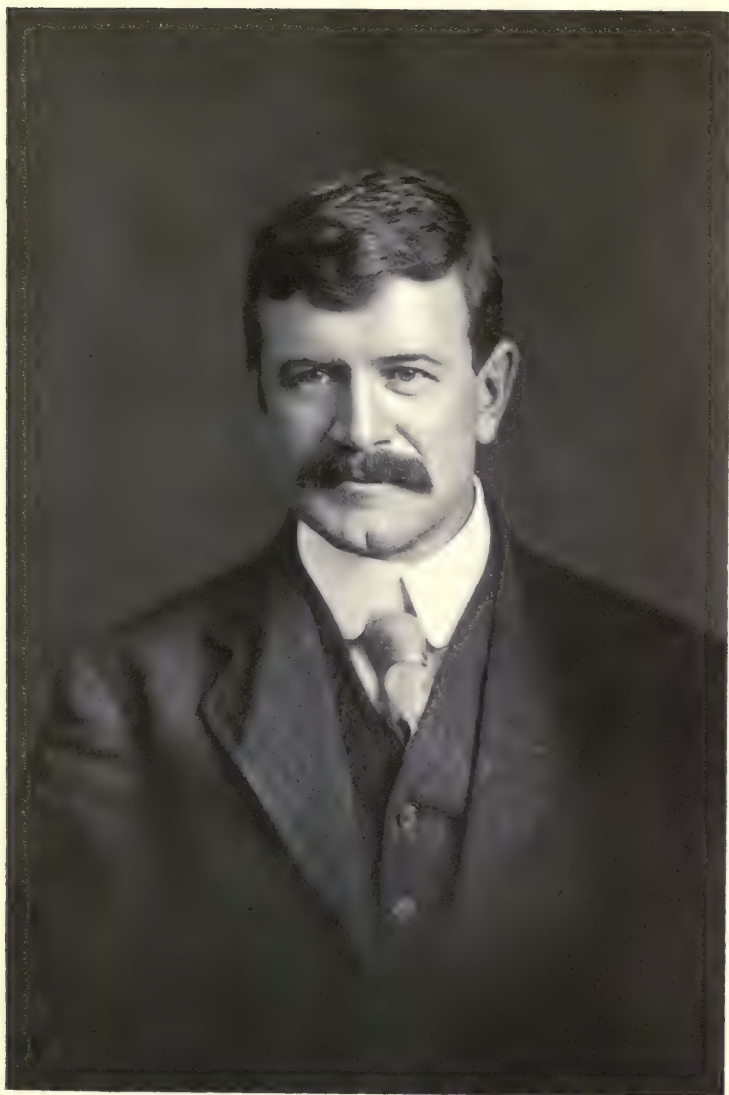
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STEPHEN LEACOCK

By ANDREW MACPHAIL





STEPHEN LEACOCK



## STEPHEN LEACOCK

A PROFESSOR of literature in Miami University, we shall say, who might wish in his course to include Canada within his ken would be face to face with a difficult problem. It would be hard for him at first sight to make the best use of the few minutes at his disposal. If he were pedantic and conscientious, he would be unwilling to proceed by a rigid method of exclusion, after the manner of his colleague in the department of natural history, who was about to lecture on the geographical distribution of ophidians in the British Empire. The professor of literature would probably mention the name of Professor Leacock, of one or two other men and one woman, and leave it at that.

It is further probable that there might be some honour student in the class who would fasten upon the name; and with that queer caprice which is so common amongst honour students, he might decide to construct a thesis upon the subject. For his benefit these notes are put together. They may also be found useful in some future decade for the patient investigators who issue the "Dictionary of National Biography." As a contributor to that gloomy publication, I am glad to forestall the request for particulars, or, at least, lighten my labour against that evil day.

Professor Leacock is divided into three parts—professor, political economist, and man. These three are not necessarily one and the same thing. A person may

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be a man and not be a professor. A political economist need not be a person at all: he may be a calculating machine which calculates incorrectly, like the writer upon the subject in the last edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

Let us first utilize the information that is easily at hand. In that pattern of modesty and reserve, known as "Who's Who"—or of eulogy and confidence, according to the taste of the various contributors, since each writer gives his own estimate of himself—one may read: LEACOCK, Stephen Butler, B.A., Ph.D., Fellow Royal Colonial Institute; Head of Department of Political Economy, M'Gill University, Montreal; b. Swanmoor, Hants, 30th Dec. 1869; s. of W. P. Leacock of Oak Hill, I.W., and Agnes, d. of Rev. Stephen Butler. Educ.: Upper Canada College; University of Toronto, B.A.; University of Chicago. On the Staff of Upper Canada College, 1891-9; in Graduate School University of Chicago, 1899-1903; on the Staff of M'Gill University, Montreal; made a tour of the Empire, 1907-8; giving lectures on Imperial Organization under the auspices of the Cecil Rhodes Trust. Publications: "Elements of Political Science," 1906; Baldwin and La Fontaine (Makers of Canada Series), 1907; "Literary Lapses," 1910; a great number of articles and sketches. Recreations: cricket, carpentering, and gardening. Address: 165 Cote des Neiges Road, Montreal. T.: Uptown 5680. Club: University, Montreal.

Nothing could be more specific, but there is something more. There are two books lacking in the list, namely, "Nonsense Novels" and "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town." In the preface to "Sunshine Sketches," Professor Leacock gives an amplified account of his own life, which will for ever make the task of his biographer an easy one.

When he was six years old he decided to emigrate with his parents to Canada to a farm near Lake Simcoe. By great diligence his father was able to raise enough grain to have seed for the next year's crop, and the son had enough experience of farming to warrant him in speaking of the joy of early rising and the deep sleep of body and mind which is induced by manual toil.

After graduating from the University of Toronto he took to school-teaching in Upper Canada College, the only trade which does not require experience or intellect. He taught for eight years, and then went to the University of Chicago, where he was examined for the last time in his life, and was pronounced completely full and accessible to no new ideas. In Chicago he did not forget the scene of his former labours. He wrote continually to the principal, Dr Parkin, testifying to the benefits which flow from a strict regimen for housemasters, and recommending for his successors an even greater strictness. In 1903 he joined the staff of M'Gill University, where he has risen to a position of great emolument and much leisure, so much so that he is free to abstain from thinking for months at a time. He adduces as an evidence of respectability his membership of the Royal Colonial Institute and the Church of England.

Professor Leacock is a Conservative in politics, but he complains bitterly that he has not yet received a contract to build a bridge or make a wharf, as a mark of gratitude for his services. In the larger Imperial world he has played a part by making a progress of the Empire delivering addresses and offering counsel. Shortly after his return the Union of South Africa was effected and the Turco-Italian war broke out. Apart from books he has chosen the *University Magazine* as a medium for his more serious thought. In a memorable series of articles he

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outlined a plan for a Canadian Naval Service, which, if it had been adopted, would have saved the country from much talk. But even more important than his Naval Plan was his Philosophical exposition of the psychology of humour, antecedent to the publication of Henri Bergson's *Essay on "The Meaning of the Comic."* Basing himself upon the researches of Schopenhauer and Kant, he arrived at the conclusion, since known as "Leacock's Law," "that all those concepts are amusing in which there is a subsumption of a double paradox, and that laughter is excited when there is a resolution, or deliverance from captivity, of the absolute by the finite."

Professor Leacock is one of the few Canadian writers whose books have gone into successive editions and are regarded as accessions to literature at large. His "Literary Lapses" were quite universal in their appeal, because they describe experiences which are common to all men—to the man who lives in a boarding-house, who deposits money in a bank, who has been shaved in public, who has travelled, who has tried to ride a horse, or has helped the Armenians. But his place was finally fixed by "Sunshine Sketches," a miniature picture of all Canadian towns, in which a clear and true reflection of Canadian life is caught. The picture is not entirely flattering. It brings out the rawness of the small town. The crooked roughness of the telephone poles is in the foreground, with the wharf beside the lake, the moored steamboat, the broad, wide main street, with the barber-shop, banks, hardware store, newspaper office, and hotels arranged on either side. No one can tell exactly which Canadian town has been selected as a model for "Mariposa," but all have been quick to resent the distinction. Indeed, one city councillor, when the scent grew warm, stigmatized the book as "scurr'lous." Not

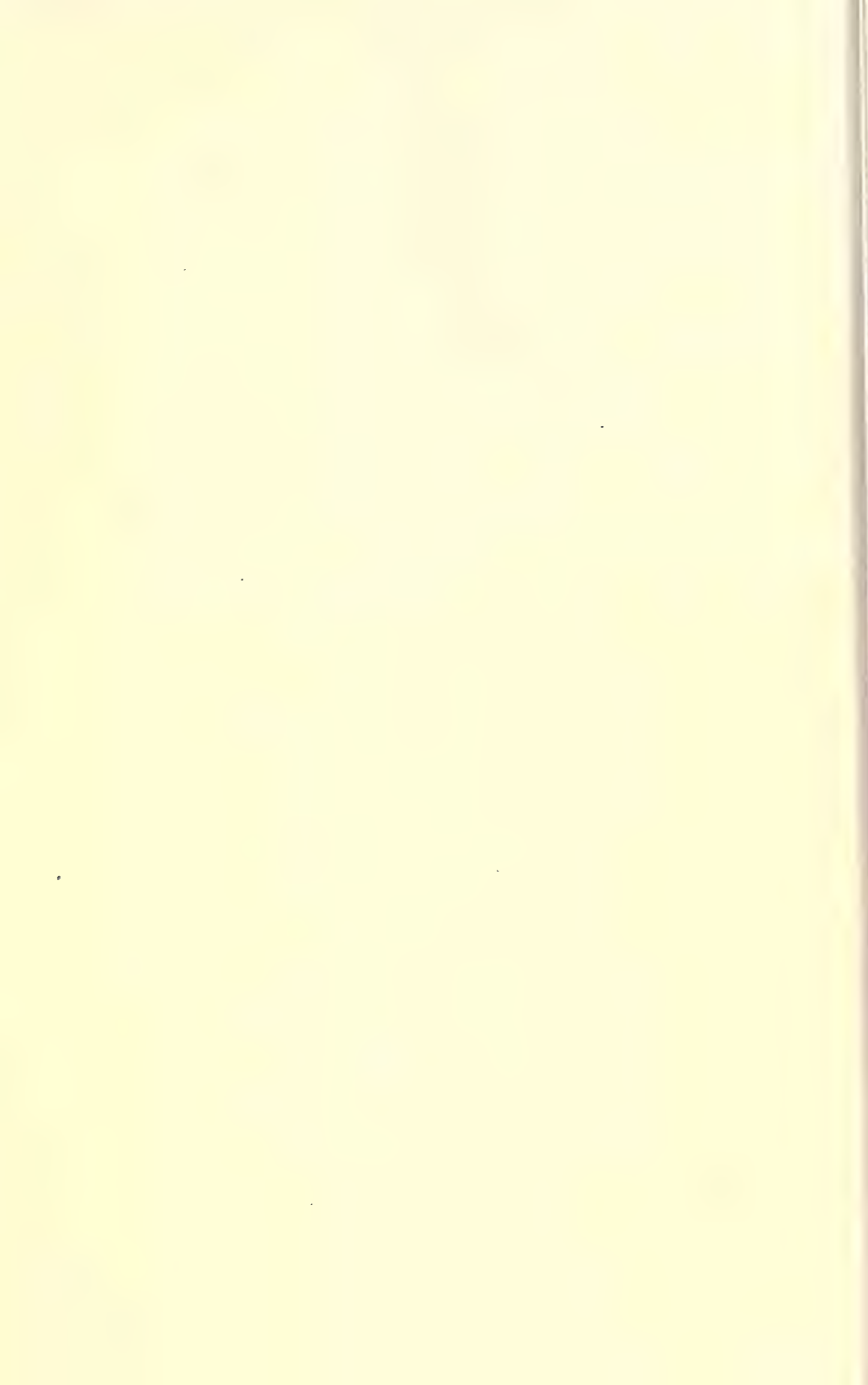


since the days of Haliburton has the dull seriousness of provincial life been so intimately described.

Professor Leacock's book on "Political Science" is used as a textbook in other universities than his own. He is an admirable speaker. His lecture room is always crowded, and so much is he in demand for after dinner conferences he can "eat free" all winter. Boys justify the untidiness of their hair by his example, and fathers console their sons by the same authority, when it is a question of a new suit of clothes. Professor Leacock has always set his face against extravagance in dress, but he favours an ample hospitality in the home, preferably under an arrangement with Messrs Chivas Brothers of Aberdeen. At the moment he has a machine at work on a book which will bear the title, "Practical Political Economy."

ANDREW MACPHAIL





SIR JOHN WILLISON  
AN EDITORIAL KNIGHT

By A. H. U. COLQUHOUN



SIR JOHN WILLISON

## SIR JOHN WILLISON, AN EDITORIAL KNIGHT

**T**HERE is a natural prejudice against biographies of living persons. They are prone to overflow in adulation or to become the vehicle of spleen. Yet the proper study of mankind is man. A career like that of Sir John Willison is full of interest and inspiration, and we should not hesitate to examine it through craven fear of offending the canons of taste.

John Stephen Willison was born on a farm in the County of Huron in 1856. Like so many other young Canadians, he took to business as a means of earning his living. That he was devoted to good books, showed a talent for public speaking, possessed an excellent memory, and displayed a keen interest in politics, are some of the qualities attributed to him by other Huron youths who knew him at this period. He early developed a strong character and definite ambitions. He abandoned commercial employment in 1882, and joined the staff of the *London Advertiser*. He was now twenty-four years old. To embark in newspaper work had long been his desire. Journalism, say what you will, is a fascinating pursuit. To some it has proved the road to wealth, but few there be that find it. Willison, we may be sure, was not actuated by the passion to make riches. Knowledge of social problems, zest for politics, and a real regard for the public interest could more easily be utilized in writing for

the press than in any other calling. A word may be said here of his party predilections. He derived them from that numerous group of persons who, after the Pacific Scandal, attached themselves to the Liberals under Brown, Mackenzie, and Blake. Many of these men were not Radicals or even extreme Liberals, some in fact were Conservatives, but they believed, rightly or wrongly, that the political methods of Sir John Macdonald were objectionable, and that there was more liberty of thought and action in the ranks of Macdonald's opponents. As to Willison himself, his views, then and since, point clearly enough to influences like the earliest Whig tradition in British politics, distaste for arbitrary rule, a respect for abstract theories, and a somewhat unbending Protestantism. Except for the broadening effect which time, a larger outlook, and new issues exert upon an able man's mind, there is little evidence that his views have undergone a revolutionary change. In England a similar change would occasion no remark whatsoever. John Cameron was called to the management of the *Toronto Globe* in 1882, and in the following year he appointed Willison to the staff of the Liberal organ. Thus began a connection of twenty years with a newspaper so closely associated with the Liberal party that the progress or decline of the one was reasonably sure to be reflected in the other. It was not long before Willison made a distinct place for himself in journalism. He wrote clearly and forcibly as parliamentary correspondent in Toronto or in Ottawa, and he contributed acceptably a column of notes and comments under the pseudonym of "Observer." He exhibited distinct ability in the collection and arrangement of news. In short, he became what is styled on the press a first-rate all-round man.

In 1886, on the eve of a general election and during



Mr Blake's leadership of the Liberal party, Willison appeared in the Press Gallery at Ottawa, and it was then my acquaintance with him began. I mention the fact to show that my knowledge of his previous career is derived from others, and not for the purpose of claiming an early intimacy with the great. He impressed his colleagues as emphatically a rising man—presentable, mentally alert, full of energy and high spirits. During the next few years his progress in journalism was steady, and he became, it was generally understood, a staunch ally and adviser of the new Liberal leader. It was he who, as President of the Young Liberal Club of Toronto, arranged for and presided over a notable public meeting in the old Pavilion where Mr Laurier, with rare courage, faced a hostile element of stalwart Protestants in sympathy with the Equal Rights Movement. In 1890 he was appointed managing editor of *The Globe*. The choice was soon justified. The historic journal of George Brown had somehow declined in favour, but it quickly revived under the new chief. Studiously moderate in its leading articles, highly efficient in supplying the latest news, and abreast of the best newspapers in England and the United States, *The Globe* reflected in a manner recognized all over Canada the aims and standards of its editor.

There was astonishment, consternation even, when, in the autumn of 1902, Willison resigned the editorship of *The Globe* and accepted Mr Joseph W. Flavelle's attractive offer to publish a paper independent of party. The announcement created something like a political sensation. That it was no impulsive step, but the natural result of a strong man's determination to shape his own career, and not to have it moulded for him by forces over which he could have little control, is easy to believe. Every inducement that devotion to party provides would

point to his remaining. To go meant a more strenuous life, a larger draft upon patience and courage, some misunderstanding with old friends and allies. To the ordinary man these would have been conclusive. But Willison was made of sterner stuff. Only those familiar with the narrowness of Canadian politics can realize what he had to face and what, for years, he endured with good humour and an enlightened stoicism. For the time being the consequences of the change were veiled by the publication of his "Life of Sir Wilfrid Laurier." It had been written during the previous year, and its appearance now quieted somewhat the troubled minds of his party admirers. When *The News* began to draw away slowly and steadily from old alliances it became the fashion to taunt the author with the book. Never was criticism more futile. Temperate in tone, discriminating in its treatment of events, marked by the spirit of the historian rather than the style of the pamphleteer, the book still holds its place as the most notable treatise upon Canadian politics written since Confederation.

That the decision of 1902 was a wise one subsequent events proved. Set free from restraints, a man of mental capacity and ambition was able to pursue his own path as he deemed best. Having made *The News* a political force, he accepted the task of conducting the London *Times* correspondence in Canada. In this famous journal some of his best work has been done. A practical public speaker, he has found the time to address audiences of various kinds throughout Canada, and has thus wielded a double power in moulding popular opinion. While his newspaper supports the measures of one party, he himself seldom, if ever, appears in public as a party orator, and it is doubtful if there has ever been in Canada a man of the same talent, equally detached from party, who exerted

so great an authority. The honour of knighthood, conferred upon him for his public services and for his distinction in journalism, was greeted in all quarters as a deserved tribute. His career recalls Carlyle's comment upon Heine: "This is another of the proofs, which minds like his are from time to time sent hither to give, that the man is not the product of his circumstances, but that, in a far higher degree, the circumstances are the product of the man."

A. H. U. COLQUHOUN



# CANADIAN HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

By W. S. WALLACE





## CANADIAN HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

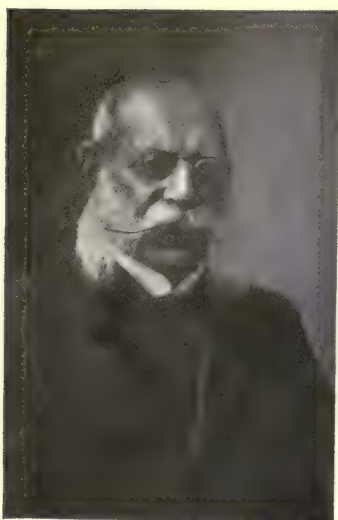
**T**HE year 1912 was the centenary of the beginning of the war of 1812, and of the founding of the Selkirk Settlement on the banks of the Red River. Centennial celebrations usually give rise to a freshet of historical literature; and it might have been expected that 1912 would have seen the publication of many books connected with these events. The truth, however, is that the year proved comparatively barren in essays on Canadian history and biography. With the exception of Mr Gurd's "Tecumseh," in the Canadian Heroes Series, and Dr George Bryce's "Life of Lord Selkirk" (neither of which is a book of first-rate merit), everything published in regard to both the war of 1812 and the Red River Colony has been perfunctory and superficial. Little or nothing has been added by historical research to the sum of our knowledge.

In the field of history proper, there are only two or three general books to be noticed. A. G. Bradley has published, in the Home University Library, a little book entitled "Canada," which is half history and half description. Inaccurate in detail and slipshod in style, like most of Mr Bradley's historical work, it is at the same time brilliant and suggestive; if a reader were in search of a single short book on Canadian history, Mr Bradley's book might very well be recommended. Another general history is J. Castell Hopkins's "The Story of our Country." This is a book which no one

who cares for the reputation of Canadian scholarship and printing can regard without a sinking of the heart. It has a highly coloured exterior; it is printed with breaks and headings in the pages such as are often found in newspaper articles; and its style is somewhat ornate. The best defence of the volume is that it is intended to be sold by subscription. It will serve to lend an air of refinement to the parlours of many farmhouses throughout the countryside.

Of special studies there are a good number, though only a few of these contain much original research. The French Canadians, much of whose most admirable literary labour, owing to the unorganized state of the book-trade in the Province of Quebec, remains unknown to English-speaking Canadians, have been especially active. The Abbé Auguste Gosselin has published the second volume of his "*L'Église du Canada depuis Monseigneur de Laval*," a study of the ecclesiastical history of New France; the book contains some new material, and occasionally throws new light on the history of Canada during the French regime. The Rev. Father Hugolin has published a number of excellent monographs on the Récollets in New France, of whom he has constituted himself the historian, and he has published one or two essays in the bibliography of the Province of Quebec. Lastly, the Abbé Couillard Després has made an excursion in local history in his "*Histoire des Seigneurs de la Rivière du Sud, et de leurs Alliés Canadiens et Acadiens*." This book is an excellent illustration of the good work being done along the lines of local history in many presbyteries of French Canada, work that puts to shame the essays in local history perpetrated in other parts of the country.

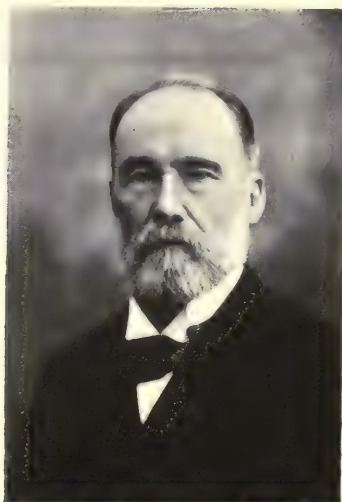
Among special studies by English-speaking writers, mention should be made first of Dr Arthur Berriedale



SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT



HON. JAMES YOUNG



SIR GEORGE ROSS





Keith's "Responsible Government in the Dominions." This book was published in 1909 in one volume; now it is issued, in a much amended and expanded form, in three volumes. It aims at being a constitutional manual of the self-governing Dominions of the British Empire; what Sir William Anson's "Law and Custom of the Constitution" does for the United Kingdom, it aims to do for Canada, Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand. It is a work of monumental learning, and will be found indispensable by students of Canadian constitutional arrangements. Reference should also be made to Professor Morison's papers on "Sir Charles Bagot" and "Lord Elgin in Canada," the first in *Queen's Quarterly* and the second in *The Scottish Historical Review*; they are both based on a special study of the sources of the period with which they deal, and are characterized by all Professor Morison's brilliant style and philosophical insight. Less praise than this must be accorded to the only other study worth mentioning in this connection. Dean Harris' "Pioneers of the Cross in Canada," an account of the early Roman Catholic missionaries in New France, is an attempt to supersede Parkman's "Jesuits in North America." The attempt, needless to say, is not successful. It is true that Parkman was not, owing to his New England training and Puritan prejudices, an ideal historian for the Church in New France; but Dean Harris is a greater partisan than Parkman ever was, and as a scholar he is not to be mentioned in the same breath with Parkman.

A hopeful sign of the times is the publication or republication of a number of sources of Canadian history. The Champlain Society has issued the second volume of its edition of Lescarbot's "Histoire de la Nouvelle France," with notes and translations by Professor W. L.

Grant of Queen's University. No one who examines the publications of the Champlain Society can fail to reflect that it is a fortunate circumstance that, where so many Canadian publications are inferior and superficial, these are marked by a uniform thoroughness and excellence. It is books like Professor Grant's "Lescarbot" which will make the name of Canadian scholarship respected abroad.

Another noteworthy publication is Sir Charles Lucas' edition of Lord Durham's famous Report. The original edition of the Report is now scarce and expensive. In 1904 there was published a cheap reprint without the very valuable appendices. Now Sir Charles Lucas has issued the Report in three large volumes, one of which is devoted to the Report itself, one to the appendices, and the third to an admirable historical introduction by Sir Charles Lucas himself.

Both Professor Grant's "Lescarbot" and Sir Charles Lucas' "Lord Durham's Report" are new editions of old books. The "Canadian Letters," which have been published by the Canadian Antiquarian and Numismatic Society, are *manuscripts inédits*. They are the letters of an English gentleman who spent the winter of 1792-1793 in Canada. He met Lord and Lady Dorchester at Quebec; he stayed for some time in Montreal; but the greater part of his stay was at Newark (or Niagara). His identity is up to the present a mystery. He was entertained at Navy Hall by the Simcoes, and he seems to have made the acquaintance of the leading men in the place; moreover, he was in the little town all winter; yet he seems to have left no trace behind. Whoever he was, he was a shrewd observer, and the picture he draws of Canadian society in those days is highly interesting and valuable.

Lastly, there are the biographies and autobiographies.

Mention has been made of Mr Gurd's "Tecumseh" and Dr Bryce's "Life of Lord Selkirk." Both of these books are short and popular in style; the first is described by the publishers as being "for young Canadians." Both are books of respectable merit. In a series entitled *Chronicles of Canada*, there have been published three other short biographies, Colonel William Wood's "Wolfe" and "Montcalm," and T. G. Marquis' "Brock." Mr Marquis' "Brock" is disappointing; it bears the appearance of being a pot-boiler; but Colonel Wood's books are a joy for ever. They are based on an unrivalled knowledge of the Seven Years' War in Canada, and they are written in an unrivalled style. It is interesting to notice that the "Montcalm" is the first life of the heroic Frenchman published in English. Yet another book of a biographical nature is Mr Putnam's "Egerton Ryerson and Education in Upper Canada," in which yet another popular idol is smashed to the ground.

Of autobiographies there are two,<sup>1</sup> the late Hon. James Young's "Public Men and Public Life in Canada," and the late Sir Richard Cartwright's "Reminiscences." It is astonishing how few prominent leaders in Canadian political life have hitherto left behind them carefully prepared reminiscences. There has been, it would appear, only one—Sir Francis Hincks. Both Mr Young and Sir Richard Cartwright, therefore, deserve the gratitude of all students of Canadian political history for publishing their reminiscences. This is not to say, however, that both these books are satisfactory. Mr Young's book contains but one half-pennyworth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack; and surely never before was writing so

<sup>1</sup> "Getting into Parliament, and After," by Sir George W. Ross, and "Goldwin Smith's Correspondence," reviewed elsewhere, were published subsequent to the writing of Mr Wallace's paper.

good put in a form so unworthy of its dignity as enduring history as the "interviews" with an imaginary newspaper reporter into which Sir Richard's book is broken. As a document bearing on Canadian history, Sir Richard's "Reminiscences" are more important than Mr Young's book, just as the position which he occupied in political life was more important than that occupied by Mr Young. Indeed, it may be said that the "Reminiscences" ranks with books like Sir Joseph Pope's "Sir John Macdonald," and Sir John Willison's "Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party," as a necessary item in the bibliography of post-confederation politics.

W. S. WALLACE

FRENCH-CANADIAN LITERATURE

By LÉON LORRAIN



## LITTÉRATURE CANADIENNE-FRANÇAISE

**N**OUS devons tout à la littérature française, c'est incontestable ; mais il n'est pas moins évident, d'autre part, que la littérature française nous fait beaucoup de tort. Il y a, d'abord, les éditions de France offertes à un prix auquel nous ne pouvons pas prétendre. Ce point de vue purement mercantile n'aurait qu'un lointain rapport avec le développement de notre littérature si la majorité d'un public pas assez subtil ne prétendait qu'elle ne peut avoir d'hésitation lorsqu'elle a à choisir entre un beau livre et un livre médiocre, et qu'on lui demande pour celui-ci deux, trois ou cinq fois plus que pour celui-là. Mais la littérature française nous cause un tort autrement grave en se plaçant en regard de la nôtre, et en permettant, en sollicitant la comparaison, non seulement au point de vue de la forme, mais aussi bien à celui des idées. Car, en voulant emprunter aux écrivains français leur langue magnifique, que les littérateurs canadiens se proposent à juste titre pour modèle, il arrive trop souvent que ces derniers leur prennent du même coup le fond. De sorte que plus d'un ouvrage canadien n'est que le pâle reflet d'une œuvre française. Alors il serait injuste de blâmer trop sévèrement le public parce que ses préférences ne vont pas à notre littérature nationale.

Et d'abord, avons-nous une littérature nationale ? . . .  
La question, posée je crois pour la première fois par

## FRENCH-CANADIAN LITERATURE

**T**HERE can be no question that we owe everything to French literature. But it is no less evident, on the other hand, that French literature has done us considerable wrong. In the first place, editions of French works are offered at a price with which we cannot pretend to compete. This purely commercial point of view would have only a very distant effect on the development of our literature, if the majority of the far-from-subtle public did not claim that there could be no hesitation in choosing between a fine book and a common-place one, and that they were asked twice, and even three or five times, as much for the latter as for the former. But French literature does us a wrong quite otherwise serious in placing itself beside ours, and in permitting and even demanding a comparison not only in the matter of form, but also in that of ideas. For in wishing to borrow from French writers their magnificent style, which Canadian literary men rightly take as a model, it happens too often that they borrow the substance as well. The result is that more than one Canadian work is only the pale reflection of a French original. It would therefore be unjust to blame too severely the public because its preferences do not lean towards our national literature.

In the first place, have we a national literature at all? This question, put, I believe, for the first time by Senator L. O. David on the 1st of August 1878, has since been asked many times. It has even been made the subject of

M. L.-O. David le 1<sup>er</sup> août 1878, a été depuis souvent reprise ; elle a même fait le sujet d'un concours et donné lieu à quelques réponses dignes de figurer dans une anthologie de notre littérature nationale. Car, décidément, notre littérature existe, et ceux-là mêmes qui la nient prouvent son existence en la qualifiant d'insignifiante ou de négligeable : elle est calomniée, donc elle est.

Elle est, et elle grandira en s'affinant si elle continue de s'abreuver aux sources dont elle a coulé lentement. Il faut se méfier—et M. l'abbé Camille Roy après le regretté M. Hector Fabre nous a mis en garde contre lui—du dilettantisme, qui est une verrue poussée sur les lettres françaises, et qu'on pourrait peut-être appeler une littérature "bien parisienne" parce qu'elle est la manifestation du talent boulevardier à fleur d'esprit. Mais, "outre que le dilettantisme ne se porte plus guère, il reste que, pour nationaliser notre littérature, il nous faudra apprendre des régionalistes français cet *art de regarder* dont a parlé Henry Bordeaux. Nous connaissons par eux comment écrire des livres canadiens ; et nous nous porterons dès lors avec plus d'amour et d'intérêt vers notre histoire, et nous trouverons l'expression artistique que dira, dans toute son intensité, la robuste beauté de nos traditions populaires."<sup>1</sup>

Où, nous apprendrons des régionalistes français à être des écrivains canadiens. Mais nous n'imiterons d'eux que le sens de l'observation et l'art de peindre sincèrement d'après nature, et nos œuvres seront différentes des leurs puisque nos modèles ne sont pas les mêmes. La langue seule sera la même.

Précisément, l'absence d'une langue canadienne-française a été le plus fort argument des négateurs de notre

<sup>1</sup> M. Edouard Montpetit: Article sur M. l'abbé Camille Roy, dans *le Propagateur* publié par la librairie Beauchemin, à Montréal.

a conference, and has given rise to some answers worthy of a place in the anthology of our national literature. For certainly our literature does exist, and even those who deny the fact prove its existence in describing it as insignificant or negligible. It is calumniated, therefore it is.

It exists, and it will develop and become more refined in proportion as it continues to drink from the sources where it took its origin. We must distrust—and the Abbé Camille Roy, after the late Hector Fabre, has warned us against it—dilettantisme, which is an excrescence on French letters, and which we might perhaps describe as a literature altogether Parisian, because it is the expression of the flowering genius of the boulevards. But “besides the fact that dilettantisme has decidedly gone out of fashion, it remains true that to nationalize our literature we must learn from the French localists that art of vision of which Henry Bordeaux has spoken. We will learn from them how to write Canadian books; and we will acquire from them more love for our own history and a greater interest in it. We will also find an artistic form of expression which will give in all its intensity the robust beauty of our popular tradition.”<sup>1</sup>

We will learn from the French localists to become Canadian writers. But we will imitate only their knack of observation, and the art of painting sincerely from nature. Our work will be different from theirs because our models are not the same. The language alone will be alike.

It is this precisely, the absence of a French-Canadian language, which has been the principal argument of those who deny that we have a national literature.

<sup>1</sup> Edouard Montpetit: Article on the Abbé Camille Roy in *Le Propagateur*, published by Beauchemin, Montreal



littérature nationale. Crémazie lui-même, qu'on a justement appelé le père de notre poésie, écrivait en 1867 : "Plus je réfléchis sur les destinées de la littérature canadienne, moins je lui trouve de chances de laisser une trace dans l'histoire. Ce qui manque au Canada, c'est d'avoir une langue à lui. Si nous parlions iroquois ou huron, notre littérature vivrait. . . ."

Ne vivra-t-elle pas parce qu'elle n'a point une expression qui lui soit propre ? Si elle sait être canadienne d'inspiration n'aura-t-elle pas un caractère propre assez marqué pour former une littérature nationale ? Oui, parce qu'il faut "tenir compte des conditions particulières dans lesquelles se trouve le peuple canadien-français, plus éloigné de la France que les autres pays de langue française, en contact permanent avec des compatriotes d'une autre race, et suivant des destinées très différentes de celles de son ancienne mère-patrie."<sup>1</sup>

Mais, encore une fois, "parce que l'esprit français est bien près du nôtre et lui ressemble à merveille, puisque tous deux sont frères, c'est à l'esprit français qu'une longue tradition, que des efforts séculaires ont façonné et poli, c'est à lui que nous devons demander quelles habitudes il faut donner au nôtre, et quelle discipline, pour qu'il puisse sur cette terre d'Amérique exercer par ses œuvres toute l'influence bienfaisante à laquelle il doit prétendre."<sup>2</sup>

Donc, notre programme littéraire est tout tracé : parler en français de notre pays canadien. Et nos littérateurs devraient prendre leur forme là-bas et chercher ici leur matière. Ce n'est, croyons-nous, qu'à ces deux conditions qu'ils réaliseront des œuvres durables, tant en prose qu'en poésie.

<sup>1</sup> M. du Roure, professeur de littérature à Laval : Discours de fin d'année (1910-11).

<sup>2</sup> M. Camille Roy : *Études sur la littérature canadienne*.



Cremazie himself, whom we have rightly called the father of our poetry, wrote in 1867: "The more I reflect on the destinies of Canadian literature, the less chance I see of it leaving a permanent trace in history. What Canada lacks is a language of its own. If we talked Iroquois or Huron, our literature would live."

Will it not live because it has not a medium of expression all its own? If it is Canadian in its inspiration, will it not have a character sufficiently marked to form a national literature? I think so, because "we must take account of the particular conditions in which the French-Canadian people find themselves, further away from France than any other French-speaking country, in permanent contact with fellow-citizens of another race, and following destinies far removed from those of the Mother Country."<sup>1</sup>

And once again, "because the French spirit is close to ours and resembles it marvellously, for both are brothers, it is to the French spirit, shaped and polished by a long tradition and the tail of centuries—it is to it that we must go for the form which we must give our own genius, so that it may in this land of America exercise by its works the effective influence to which it should aspire."<sup>2</sup>

Therefore, our literary programme is all laid out: to speak in French of things Canadian. Our literary men should look to France for their style, and to Canada for their material. It is only on these two conditions that they will produce works of prose and poetry of lasting value.

Poetry—the dominating influence in ours as in all young literatures—is generally of inspiration more vast.

<sup>1</sup> Mr Du Roure, Professor of Literature at Laval University; address at the closing exercises in 1911.

<sup>2</sup> Abbé Camille Roy, "Studies in French-Canadian Literature."

La poésie—qui domine dans nos lettres, comme dans toutes les jeunes littératures—est généralement d'inspiration plus vaste ; elle tend, plutôt que de se circonscrire à notre pays, à être largement humaine. Et elle ne laisse pas, par là, d'être audacieuse, puisqu'elle aborde le domaine où ont accès les plus grands poètes de tous les pays et de tous les temps. M. Paul Morin, dont *le Paon d'Email* est d'un savant exotisme, se place au premier rang par son impeccable plastique. La dernière pièce de son recueil nous annonce, nous promet un prochain retour au pays, et nous nous en réjouissons d'avance. Dans *les Blessures*, M. Jean Charbonneau chante en bonne langue des idées générales et des reminiscences personnelles. M. Albert Lozeau nous renvoie, dans *le Miroir des Jours*, l'image de ses sentiments délicats, et M. Charles Gill consacre à l'épopée son noble talent. Dans *les Forces*, M. Alphonse Beauregard fait montre du souci de la personnalité dans l'inspiration. M. William Chapman accuse, dans *les Fleurs de Givre*, une facilité dangereuse, et M. Guy Delahaye, dont *les Phases* soulevèrent des protestations, consacre à ses contradicteurs toute une brochure d'un sarcasme un peu prolongé, *Mignonne, allons voir si la rose . . .*, dans laquelle il n'y a ni Mignonne, ni rose. *La Claire Fontaine*, d'Englebert Gallèze (M. Lionel Léveillé), témoigne d'un profond attachement au sol natal et d'un amour clairvoyant des choses du pays.

Voici maintenant les dernières œuvres de nos prosateurs. Rodolphe Girard a, dans *les Contes de chez-nous*, silhouetté des types, mais le dessin manque de fermeté. *L'Envers du Journalisme*, de M. J.-M.-Alfred Mousseau, ne tient pas ce qu'il promet, malgré qu'il représente un effort. Madeleine, dans *le Long du Chemin*, montre un sens aigu de la justice et des préoccupations sociales. Mme Gaétane de Montreuil a publié un roman historique, ou à

Its tendency is to reach out to general humanity, instead of limiting itself to our own country. And it is none the less daring that it skirts the domain where the great poets of all time and every race hold sway. Paul Morin, whose "Enamelled Peacock" is subtly exotic, places himself in the very first rank by his flawless artistry. The last poem in his collection promises an early return to this country, and we joyfully look forward to it. In "Wounds" Jean Charbonneau sings in excellent style of great generalities and of personal reminiscences. Albert Lozeau reflects in "The Mirror of Days" the image of his delicate emotions; and Charles Gill devotes to epic purposes his noble talent. In "The Forces" Alphonse Beaugregard shows his attention to a more personal inspiration. William Chapman gives evidence in "The Flowers of Frost" of a somewhat dangerous facility; and Guy Delahaye, whose "Phases" aroused considerable hostility, devotes to his adverse critics a brochure of rather protracted sarcasm, "Mignonne, let us see if the rose . . ." where there is neither Mignonne nor rose. "The Sparkling Fountain" of Englebert Galleze (Lionel Leveille) gives expression to a profound attachment to his native soil and a clear-sighted love of country.

Here is a list of the more recent works of our writers of prose. Rodolphe Girard, in his "Stories of Home," has sketched a number of typical figures, but the drawing lacks vigour. "The Reverse Side of Journalism," by J. M. Alfred Mousseau, does not realize its intentions, though it shows an honest endeavour. Madeleine, in "The Roadside," displays a keen sense of justice and social responsibility. Mme. Gaetane de Montreuil has written a historical romance or something of that nature, "Flower of the Waves," which makes pleasant reading.

peu près, *Fleur des Ondes*, qui est agréable à lire, et le roman de M. Hector Bernier, *Au large de l'Ecueil*, encore qu'il accuse de l'inexpérience, ne manque pas de vie. La monographie de Laure Conan, *Louis Hébert*, écrite dans une langue sûre, est un pieux hommage rendu à celui qui, le premier, fit en terre canadienne, "le geste auguste du semeur." Albert Lozeau a fait deux volumes de ses *Billets du soir* parus dans *le Devoir*. Ce sont de fins croquis. Et Nap. Tellier a réuni sous le titre *d'A Bout Portant* un choix de *Billets du soir*, qui sont des pamphlets brefs et gais, griffonnés au jour le jour.

Et voilà le catalogue des derniers livres publiés, à Montréal, à Québec ou à Paris, mais écrits par des Canadiens français. Quel que soit le jugement que portera sur eux la critique, ils n'en témoignent pas moins que la littérature canadienne-française vit. Le travail la développera, l'épurera, l'enrichira.

LÉON LORRAIN

Hector Bernier's romance, "Off the Reef," although it gives evidence of inexperience, is not without vitality. The monograph of Laure Conan on Louis Hebert is written in a mature style, and is a reverent tribute to the man who first on Canadian soil made "the majestic gesture of the sower of grain." Albert Lozeau has published in two volumes his "Notes of the Night" which appeared in *Le Devoir*. They are clever sketches. And Napoleon Tellier has gathered under the title, "At Close Range," a selection of articles, short and breezy, written from day to day.

This is the list of the more recent works published in Montreal, Quebec, or Paris, but written by French-Canadian writers. Whatever judgment may be passed upon them by critics, they none the less prove that French Canadian literature is really alive. Time and labour will develop, refine, and enrich it.

LÉON LORRAIN





GOLDWIN SMITH  
AND  
SIR GEORGE W. ROSS  
By GEORGE H. LOCKE



GOLDWIN SMITH  
At the door of The Grange

THE LETTERS OF GOLDWIN SMITH  
THE REMINISCENCES OF SIR GEORGE  
W. ROSS

**M**R GOLDWIN SMITH lived with us for forty years. This was his adopted country, adopted through choice, his own choice. He was a man of maturity when he came among us, a man who had achieved greatness in the intellectual world and whose judgment had become well established. He did not come to instruct or to tell us what was necessary for us to do that we might be saved, and hence he was looked upon with some degree of suspicion. It was thought that there must be something in his past that made him an exile, or there must be some hidden reason that would likely be revealed some day in an overthrow of our method of government, or in a change in our national life. Then, too, he suffered because he was a constructive critic who looked to reason rather than to emotion, and who desired coldly and calmly to inquire into the future as well as into the present of political and social movements, apart entirely from the personal and emotional factors in these movements.

Such a man could never become popular in the colloquial sense of that word, and he never was. Least of all could such a man be popular in a young country. Within the first decade of his life here he wrote, "There was a

moment when Canada might have been made a nation, perhaps to the benefit of the continent, for two experiments in democracy are safer than one. But now the certain end is annexation, or, as it might be called, Continental Union." This "moment" seems to have been prior to the inclusion of British Columbia in the confederation of Provinces, for throughout his letters one sees that he looks upon the physical map of North America, not the political one, and thinks of Western Canada as having closer natural relations with the United States than with Eastern Canada. His outlook was from a lofty eminence, and it was a lonely one. His was not the vision of youth, but of the calm adult, disregarding "strange turns of the tide," which, like the academic philosopher, he thought were more or less regulated occurrences. It was this firm conviction of our national destiny that awakened suspicion from time to time and called forth emphatic protests. Two contributing causes were his opposition to the Imperial Federation proposals of Mr Chamberlain and the uncompromising position he assumed towards war in general and the South African war in particular. These views in the city of Toronto, in which he made his home, which he describes as "the special seat of Imperialism, militarism and everything of that sort," gave him an unpleasant prominence. Therefore, to some of our citizens he is remembered as a continental unionist, or, worse, an annexationist.

But he was more than this. He identified himself with all movements in this country which were directed towards intellectual and social betterment. His spoken and written words were always at the command of those societies of individuals who were endeavouring to develop in this country means whereby life could be made happier and more productive of social efficiency. It would be

difficult to name any movement of this kind which did not have his active interest and practical support. Whether it was the Canadian Press Association, which always had a special place in his affections, or the Associated Charities movement, or the effort to establish the Toronto Athletic Club, where "healthy pleasure was to be the antidote to the desire for unhealthy pleasure," or the betterment of local municipal government, or the promotion of greater efficiency in our educational system, his advice and co-operation were always at the disposal of his fellow-citizens. His name will always be remembered in connection with higher education, where he was the great central figure in the movement that brought about the federation of colleges that gave us the greater University of Toronto in 1892; and when federation had proved such a great success that its very success meant that reorganization was necessary to meet the new conditions, his presence on the Royal Commission of 1905 gave us confidence and must have given him pleasure.

True, he saw the passing show in the development of a young nation, and his letters reveal him as an apt and sometimes caustic critic of the prominent persons in the drama. He writes in 1900 that "titles have a terrible effect on colonial virtue," but even here the Earl of Minto as Governor-General seems to have a somewhat similar feeling when he writes to Mr Smith, in 1909, that "honors and decorations have been most regrettably squandered," and we might be inclined to agree with him when he says that "there is nothing in the universe lower than the colonial snob who apes the English gentleman."

Canada is better off for having had Goldwin Smith as an adopted son. There was a greatness about him that appealed to many of us. Refined, austere, of high



principles and undaunted courage, we could admire and respect where we could not always agree, and the supreme contempt for toadyism and the worship of the merely material, which he took no pains to conceal, was a splendid object-lesson in a young and prosperous community. The Goldwin Smith we knew is but faintly revealed in these letters. He lives in our memory as the hospitable Sage of the Grange, whose advice and aid were ever freely given for the asking, whose mastery of English was our example, and whose moral courage will stand as a towering monument, respected even by those who differed widely from him.

This has been a year of reminiscences, and, singularly enough, of men who have been prominent in the Liberal Party. Sir Richard Cartwright told us in platonic dialogue form of his encounters with public men and public policies; Hon. James Young amplified his earlier work by some very interesting descriptions of his public career; and now Sir George W. Ross, who has been successively a schoolmaster, an editor, a representative of the people in the House of Commons, in the Legislature of Ontario, a Minister of the Crown, and Premier of his Province, and now a Senator, gives us the story of his life. It has a much more human interest than that of Sir Richard Cartwright, distinctly a virtue to many readers. It is frankly autobiographical, and is discursive and readable, just as his speeches are pleasing in their phrasing and emotionally successful.

It is in no slighting way that one says that he came near being a great man. His career is an interesting study, for he is a man of parts who has been in public life for many years, who has discharged well his duties towards his constituents, local and provincial, one of the



best public speakers of our country, and whose public utterances have ever been on the side of social reform. Yet, as one reads the book, there is a feeling that there is something lacking. Perhaps it is that there is a disadvantage in entering public life at too early an age, for the education that comes from participation in party government in a young country like ours has not a broadening or a deepening effect in the development of an intellectual and moral standard capable of standing against the exigencies and compromises incident to the politician's career. In reading this book at the same time as the "Correspondence of Goldwin Smith," the great contrast is borne in upon one, how that Sir George Ross possessed that facile flexibility so necessary to the successful politician, and how completely Mr Smith lacked it, indeed, so much so, that many would think that he erred in the endeavour to avoid it.

This book is important, and when supplemented by that of Hon. Mr Young, is a fairly complete history of public life in the Province of Ontario, having the added advantage of the background of the House of Commons, in which both these gentlemen were prominent figures in the earlier days.

GEORGE H. LOCKE



# POETRY

By NEWTON MACTAVISH



## POETRY

THE year just closed will be incidental to the history of poetry in Canada inasmuch as it has witnessed the first publication in book form of poems by Marjorie Pickthall and Virna Sheard and recorded the death of Pauline Johnson almost simultaneously with the appearance of her collected volume of verse entitled "Flint and Feather." I do not urge these occurrences as worthy of exclusive record, but to my mind they are the only ones that will get into the reckoning of astute observers years hence. For Service's third volume of verse, "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone," will not replace in importance his "Songs of a Sourdough," nor will the indiscriminate quantity of vague and vagrant volumes from the Christian presses survive the mists of their own making. The partial alienation of Bliss Carman discredits our national claim upon his "Echoes from Vagabondia" and "Daughters of the Dawn"; and indeed this veritable admission arouses at once the phenomenon of nationality.

For nationality is phenomenal, and it is as well a riddle. We have, for instance, an English woman writing Oriental poetry in Canada. We have had a Mohawk "princess" writing Alpine lyrics in London. We have a New Brunswick Apollo singing in New England divine songs to Sappho. Does it not make us all dwindle into the littleness of nationality when we consider these achievements in the name of art? And, indeed, if Miss Pickthall comes



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to Canada and weaves tapestries of wondrous colour and line, might not her English friends contend that she has gone but a day's journey into the wilderness? And if Tekahionwake (Miss Johnson), depressed by the atmosphere of British culture, pours out the anguish of her soul in "The Trail to Lilloet," do we not respond to the call and claim her as our own, even though she writes not in the Mohawk tongue, not in the tongue of the Cree, but in the very language itself of the country from which she yearns to fly?

Here, the placid English August and the sea-encircled miles,  
There, God's copper-coloured sunshine beating through the lonely  
aisles

Where the waterfalls and forest voice forever their duet,  
And call across the cañon on the trail to Lilloet.

And if Bliss Carman, pausing in Connecticut, plays with transcendent stops the Arcadian pipes of Pan, can we of Canada, can they of New England hope to nationalize his song apart from the great chorus of English lyrics?

So that when we essay the task of considering Canadian poetry of "the year," we almost are bound to be too exclusive or too inclusive. One should like to mention something that in time will become of "the years." And in this we are fortunate in having Miss Pickthall's volume upon which to base a hope; for we do not wish to fear that, as the poet herself superbly expresses it,

He whom the harvest hath remembered not  
Sleeps with the rose.

We do not wish to have our poets sleep with the rose, nor do we wish them to be forgotten in the harvest. Consequently we try to direct well our enthusiasm, to compose our estimates with calmness and discretion,

so that we may keep vibrant the memory of those who deserve it.

These reflections are prompted by the publication of indiscriminating anthologies of Canadian verse, not only in Canada but also abroad. We have one of them this year. It was compiled and published in England. The title is "Songs and Ballads of Greater Britain," and the compiler, E. A. Helps. As far as Canada is concerned it is notable for what of merit it has left out and for what of no merit it has taken in. We are disappointed in several instances even by the selections that have been made, particularly from the works of two of the women who here should have especial consideration. But while Miss Pickthall and Miss Johnson are mentioned, there is nothing to show the existence of Mrs Sheard, or Mrs Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, or Bliss Carman, or Archibald Lampman, or Arthur Stringer, or others who cannot very well be left out of any just compilation of our native verse.

For her book Mrs Sheard has found much inspiration in commonplace things, which she has subjected to a pleasant fancy and piquant philosophy. Miss Pickthall's poetry is remarkable for its pulse, its rhythm, its marvellous colour, and singing, vibrant quality. Bliss Carman produced "Daughters of Dawn" in collaboration with Mary Perry King. The book is described in the sub-title as "A Lyrical Pageant of Historic Scenes for Presentation with Music and Dancing." Mr Carman, in his introduction, says the book, "literally written in collaboration," was originally planned by Mrs King "to serve as a series of studies in her new educational movement, in which the three rhythmic arts, poetry, music, and dancing, or interpretative motion, are combined for artistic and cultural purposes." The Daughters of Dawn selected for pre-

sentation are those "typical chiefly of the liberal and beneficent power of woman's nature in her leadership and ascendancy in the life of the spirit and the destiny of the world"; and, beginning properly and appropriately with Eve, include such figures as Deborah, Sappho, Mary, Zenobia, and Joan of Arc.

The passing of Pauline Johnson is a noteworthy incident to the year, although this is not the year nor the generation to pass judgment on all her accomplishments, because her accomplishments were twofold. She *is* a poet, and she *was* a dramatic reader. So that while we arrogate to ourselves, but should not, the task of pronouncing judgment on her poetry, it is a singular fact that we neglect her sister art, the very art indeed to whose quality posterity must look to us for guidance. For although posterity will be able to appraise her poetry, it will be impossible to requicken upon the stage her lifeless form, to recognize her haughty mien, to admire her majesty of poise—impossible indeed to listen to her own words sounding forth from lips that are silent now for ever. That, I venture to observe, is an advantage we have over those critics and admirers who will come upon a scene later than ours, and if it is an advantage; I suspect that it is also an allurement. For we think of her as of a poet, not as of a public entertainer, and while we read her rhythmic lines we unconsciously accompany them with the author's compelling voice and forceful gestures. She was an Indian. At least she traded on that portion of her blood that was barbaric, to the end that she became and will remain the champion of a vanishing glory, the articulator to alien races of the yearnings and lamentations of degraded tribes. I mention this circumstance, not as a criticism but rather as evidence of the spirit of her time. For if Pauline Johnson had not worn the eagle's plume,



ARTHUR STRINGER



BLISS CARMAN



MARJORIE PICKTHALL



ROBERT W. SERVICE





the buckskin skirt, the girdle of wampum, and the necklace of bears' claws, she would have lost the picturesque side of her entertainment and failed to that extent in attracting the curiosity of the people. So that while we admire the accomplishments of this gifted woman, we realize that her art was divided, and we fear that, at least during her own time, her fame rested partly upon attractions that have nothing to do with poetry.

Poetry as a precise term recalls another incident to the year. We have had from time to time critical essays and fulsome reviews, but few of them have seemed to be so timely as the essay by Dr J. D. Logan on what he calls the "Vaudeville School of Canadian Poetry." He sets out to establish the thesis that the outstanding poetry of the last decade in Canada is seen at its best in Robert W. Service and R. J. C. Stead, and at its worst in Hamilton Wigle and Paul Agar. By "outstanding" I infer that he does not mean the best poetry of the decade, but rather the poetry (or verse) that is characteristic of the time, a time that he deplores as responding to the blatant effusions of these poetasters more generously than to the rapt utterances of our genuine singers.

Every year is more or less notable for the verse that appears here and there in magazines and other periodicals. To this category we welcomed recently the return of Duncan Campbell Scott. But in Canada, unless this class of verse is encountered in volumes published later by the authors, much of it misses the regular channels of research and is lost. In the United States, however, an experiment is being made in a form that gives permanency to verse which otherwise might go astray. The idea is to publish a volume annually and call it "The Lyric Year." The editors scan the field closely, and from the great mass of material select the poems that they think measure up to

their standard. The first volume has appeared, and in it we discover two familiar Canadian names—Bliss Carman and Alan Sullivan. If only two names can qualify in a year's list of primaries in America alone, where shall we stand when it comes to the century's test for the final chorus?

NEWTON MAC TAVISH

FICTION

By MARJORY MACMURCHY



SIR GILBERT PARKER

## FICTION

THE truth seems to be that Canadians have little gift for writing fiction. In writing verse the contrary is true. It is easy to name ten or twelve Canadian writers whose poetical work one may read with the enjoyment which comes from the expression of beauty in a form that gives exquisite pleasure. A novel may be almost anything as far as form and material are concerned, except that most people are agreed it should be written in prose, and should deal with at least a few characters, and have some slight action. Novels become more commendable as they reveal depth of comprehension of the social fabric, of individual men and women, of life itself. If a novel is to be reckoned a work of art it should be written in such a way as to give satisfaction to the artistic sense of the reader, which varies greatly, of course, and sometimes may seem to the novelist practically non-existent. But there should be something in the style, conception, and outcome of a novel that leaves a permanent impression of beautiful and substantial work. The writing of an excellent short story is a difficult achievement. Even good short stories are not easily come by; at least, they are not easily come by in Canada. Let anyone set himself to buy a few good Canadian short stories, even at reasonable prices, and he will prove that few Canadians write good short stories. One ventures to assert confidently that any editor of a Canadian magazine can easily provide himself with as much beauti-

ful verse as he can use, but that he never knows where he is to find two or three short stories which he can believe good enough to be printed in his magazine. These conclusions are forced upon one, and have not come because they are desired. Somehow or another, Canadian fiction is not a promising field. Canadian fiction for 1913 is interesting because it is native, and at least worthy in character if not inspired by the gods who send genius.

During the year between twenty and thirty novels and collections of short stories have been published as the work of Canadian writers. The names of these follow in more or less accurate chronological order: "Sunshine Sketches," by Professor Leacock; "Chronicles of Avonlea," by Miss L. M. Montgomery; "The Street Called Straight," by Basil King; "The Man at Lone Lake," by Mrs Sheard; "Open Trails," by Mrs Murphy; "The House of Windows," by Mrs MacKay; "A Diana of Quebec," by Miss M'Ilwraith; "The Consort," by Mrs Cotes; "The Long Patrol," by H. A. Cody; "Corporal Cameron," by Ralph Connor; "The Black Creek Stopping Place," by Mrs M'Clung; "Marcus Holbeach's Daughter," by Miss Alice Jones; "The Sheriff of Badger," by G. A. Pattullo; "The House of Judgment," by Sir Gilbert Parker; "The Record of a Silent Life," by Miss Anna Preston; "Empery," by S. A. White; "The Traitor," by Clifford Smith; "The Feet of the Furtive," by Charles G. D. Roberts; "The Shadow," by Arthur Stringer; "On the Iron at Big Cloud," by Frank Packard; "Greater Love Hath No Man," by Frank Packard; "Precious Waters," by A. M. Chisholm; "Candlelight Days," by Miss Teskey; "The Blue Wolf," by W. Lacey Amy; "William Adolphus Turnpike," by Wm. Banks; and "The Passing of Oul-I-But," by Alan Sullivan.



It is possible, without much difficulty, to separate a few books of some distinction from the majority which have a degree of merit with a good deal of imperfection. Professor Leacock's "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town" remains as keen a delineation of Ontario character and as excellent humour as may be desired. It holds its own with contemporary humour in English and American fiction. Miss Montgomery's "Chronicles of Avonlea" shows greater refinement, sense of proportion and restraint than her earlier books, and keeps their sweetness and native flavour. "A Diana of Quebec," by Miss M'Ilwraith is homespun, but substantial work, with good character drawing; it is of value historically, although a trifle overweighted with historical quotations. The writing of history is one of the departments of literature for which Canadians do seem to have a happy turn, yet so far not much use has been made of the gift in writing historical fiction. "The Consort," by Mrs Cotes, is excellent work, a little hard, but very clever. "The Sheriff of Badger," by G. A. Pattullo, is good western adventure. Sir Gilbert Parker's "The House of Judgment" is one of the more noted novels published during the year. It is not exactly a remarkable novel, but it is very interesting, and it proves at least that the author is working hard to surpass his former successes. Thus "The House of Judgment" is not like "Corporal Cameron," work thrown together in a hurry for the great end of providing novel-readers with what many of them like best. Still, one would rather have "When Valmond Came to Pontiac" than "The House of Judgment." "The Feet of the Furtive," by Mr Roberts, is his most recent collection of wild animal stories, good work, almost severe in outline, reticent, conveying an impression of silent life, like the New Brunswick woods with solitudes

and clearings, the first for the animal tribes and the second for Canadian settlers. There is one other book of Canadian fiction to be mentioned with the few of distinction. "The Record of a Silent Life," by Miss Anna Preston, is a first novel by a new writer which warrants a belief that it will be followed by more notable work. It is an unusual book for a young woman, odd, unhappy, and at times sardonic, and it reveals a powerful imagination.

"On the Iron at Big Cloud" was a good railway story. But Frank Packard's second novel, "Greater Love Hath No Man" is not as successful. Arthur Stringer, who as a poet has won our admiration, has been driven by our incessant demand for novels into the writing of fiction. "The Shadow" is a detective story, which is really not as disappointing as most of us would gather from reading only reviews and not the book itself. The long, tireless chase of the detective gathers impressiveness as it continues chapter after chapter. One believes if Mr Stringer were to become wholly in earnest over a novel—if he were to care about writing a novel as much as he cares for writing poetry—that he would turn out a book very much worth while. Miss Teskey's "Candlelight Days" is a pioneer story. "Precious Waters," by A. M. Chisholm, is a good western tale of ranching, irrigation, and interesting people. There is no pretension about Mr Chisholm's work, but no one needs to be coaxed into reading it. Most of the other Canadian books of fiction for 1913 which merit review have been sufficiently reviewed already, but "William Adolphus Turnpike," by William Banks, is the first work of a well-known newspaper man, which has been published only a few weeks. It contains the reflections and adventures of an office boy. "William Adolphus Turn-

pike " has not a little refreshing humour. One is of the opinion that William Adolphus himself talks too much. But there can be no doubt, if Mr Banks chooses to make fiction a serious study and to give time to it, that he will prove to be, with good fortune, a Canadian novelist whom publishers and public alike will regard with favour.

Mr Alan Sullivan's collection of short stories, "The Passing of Oul-I-But," has not been published at the time when this short sketch of the year's Canadian fiction is being written. It will contain stories which have appeared in well-known Canadian, British and American periodicals. Possibly Mr Sullivan's best work, as in his "Cycle of the North," records the passing of a season over a landscape, or the effect of an industry on the picture of a city. His work tends rather to the form of an essay, and is minutely descriptive and observant.

Must we then be content to expect little from Canadian fiction? One does not believe this to be true. But perhaps we may have to wait until the work of a novelist seems to the ordinary run of Canadians as substantial an achievement as bridge-building or railroad management. There was a book written once, called "Tales of Old Toronto," which seemed to some of us to possess the peculiar clarity of observation and quiet perfection of handling which make fiction an unending delight. The author has not published since. But days will come when gifted men and women observing Canadian life and perceiving greatness in it, will show us where that greatness is and in what it consists. For a novel to be great needs a great personality behind it and great life to be written about. These are splendid days to live and work in Canada, but the great novel is not yet.

MARJORY MACMURCHY



VOGT, A GREAT CHORUS MASTER

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



A. S. VOGT



## VOGT, A GREAT CHORUS MASTER

- pp.* Born in Washington, Oxford Co., Ont. Son of a German organ-builder.
- p.* At the age of twelve played the organ in the Lutheran Church, Berlin, and baseball on the village green.
- m.p.* At seventeen went to the New England Conservatory. Had his first man's job as organist and choirmaster, First Methodist Church, St Thomas.
- cresc.* Went to Germany to study piano.
- m.f.* In Leipsic and Berlin became obsessed with choral music. Famous St Thomas Kirche Choir, Leipsic, and Dom Choir, Berlin, gave him a passion for *a cappella* choral work.
- f.* In 1890 became organist and choirmaster, Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto.
- sf.* In 1894 organized the Mendelssohn Choir to do unaccompanied work.
- molto cresc.* In 1897 disbanded the choir because it didn't suit his ideas of evolution.
- ff.* In 1899 reorganized it to suit himself. In 1900 engaged the Pittsburgh Orchestra. In 1905 took the Mendelssohn Choir to New York. Two years later to Chicago with the Thomas Orchestra. In 1910 to Cleveland and Buffalo. In 1911 to New York and Boston.
- fff.* In 1912-13 spent a year in Europe to discover what the world of music was doing that he wasn't, and if necessary to remedy this.

THE career of Augustus Stephen Vogt is an apt illustration of the principle that man and his art are a perpetual action and reaction. To describe the sort of musical character Vogt is now, after nearly thirty years of climbing the road to Parnassus, would be to tell very compactly the story of how choral singing in Canada has developed from Handel to Pierne.

This is not to say that the "Messiah" is dead; nor that such a baffling production as the Children's Crusade or the "Vita Nuova" of Wolf-Ferrari is necessarily a permanent contribution to the literature of choral music. But it is certain that the process of getting from Handel and Haydn out to the modern French and German and Italian composers has made of this Canadian conductor a much different man from what he intended to become.

When in the year 1894 Vogt organized his Mendelssohn Choir there was no modern French and German choral music such as we have to-day. Russian choral work was better developed. There was nothing except Verdi in Italy—outside of Mascagni and Leoncavallo in opera and the Abbe Perosi in church music. England was just rounding Elgar off into a respectable rival to Grieg in Norway and Humperdinck and Strauss in Germany.

Canadian choral societies were still singing the oratorios of Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn. Canadian church choirs had scarcely begun to develop the art of singing without organ, such as used to be done in the far-back days of Palestrina and Lotti in Italy.

To produce choral music without organ or piano or orchestra was the first clear ambition of A. S. Vogt. This he did in the choir of Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto. In many respects there has never been anything more beautiful in choral work in Canada than this service of anthems and motettes and unaccompanied hymns became under the rigid and exacting mastership of Vogt. In those days he had a somewhat Kaiserian moustache. He played the organ with considerable skill. He taught organ and piano in the Toronto Conservatory of Music. He was regarded as an organist and choir-master who had ideas of his own—wherever he got

them—and so far as one church was concerned undertook to carry them out.

When Vogt started the Mendelssohn Choir he had a blunt intention to carry his church choral methods into the secular field; nothing more. His first choir, of less than a hundred voices, did a new kind of programme, altogether without accompaniment. This, of course, had been done before by such societies as the Haslam Vocal, but it had never been carried to the limit of possibility.

This is one of Vogt's strong characteristics. He has many others. For he is a complex and many-sided musician.

But the choice of a name for his choir showed that he had no prophetic insight into the ultimate possibility of choral music. He intended to stick to unaccompanied music. The name Mendelssohn was chosen because that particular composer had written a good deal of this sort of music, and it was intended to do at least one of Mendelssohn's things every year.

Vogt began with the Psalms, in which he showed his church training, and the influence upon his imagination of at least two famous European choirs, that of St Thomas Kirche in Leipsic and the Dom Choir of Berlin.

However, it was not long till Mendelssohn began to wear pretty thin. Gounod was added; and he became hackneyed. Vogt never would tackle an oratorio. He believed that the "Elijah," like "The Messiah" and the "Creation," was an old story. The "Redemption" of Gounod he always more or less hated—at least parts of it. He got far better results from shorter works done without an orchestra. That made it necessary for every man and woman under his baton to sing as though there was nobody else in the chorus.

What he had achieved in a church service Vogt soon

began to accomplish in the concert hall. A mild sensation was created when he first wielded the baton in a large public way. His peculiarly belligerent beat seemed to be almost incongruously effective. On a double *fortissimo* he seemed to be conducting a charge of The Light Brigade. This, of course, has nothing to do with his penchant for studying war, or his boyhood in the county of Waterloo, or the fact that afterwards he was known as the Napoleon of choral music.

But he was developing a form of mechanical and sentimental expression that gradually became very beautiful in quality of tone, and in tone colour and in the nuances of rhythm. Year by year he found out that there were orchestral possibilities in the choral voice that he had never discovered in the church choir. He was fascinated. So were his choristers. He was working in a new medium. He could get *pianissimos* like oiled silk and *fortissimos* like the thunders of Jove. Presently he found that it was possible to *decrecendo* and to polish the head-tones and broaden the diapasons; to get the *vox humana* quality from the alto section, the thrill of the Brunnhilde Battle Song in the sopranos, the white lyric tone in the tenors, and the booming of Norse giants in the basses.

This form of art-discovery became an obsession; and it lasted Vogt for a number of years while he evolved his chorus into a tonal and technical instrument as accurate and effective as a symphony orchestra.

All this while he seemed to be a peculiarly cold, regimental sort of man. He displayed little emotion or sentiment. He kept all signs of irritability out of his rehearsals—except when he expected Pelion upon Ossa and didn't get it, or found some section of his choir doing a *mezzo-forte* instead of a double *pianissimo*—which was an unforgivable sin. He had reorganized his choir on



a basis of autocracy. He was running the choir to suit his own notions of what the public ought to hear in any sort of choral music ever written—except oratorio and opera.

But he was coming to the end of his tether in purely unaccompanied work. He had begun to make that kind of work only an accessory. The instrument that he had created was powerful enough to express such great works as the Beethoven Choral Symphony, the Brahms Requiem, and the Verdi Requiem; all of which necessitated hiring a big symphony orchestra.

The story of the choir since it first went to New York has been a series of cumulative conquests in choral music. A second interruption came in 1912, when Vogt went to Europe on a musical pilgrimage. Next time he goes abroad will be in 1915 to England, France and Germany with the choir established in 1894.

AUGUSTUS BRIDLE





CHORAL MUSIC IN ONTARIO

By J. E. MIDDLETON



## CHORAL MUSIC IN ONTARIO

**I**F it be true that Art is the expression of great thoughts through some perfected technical medium, then Choral Music is not an art, but a mere artistic pursuit, for the technics of choir singing are never perfectly mastered. Always, in spite of the most careful training, some member of a chorus will be guilty of solecisms in phrasing, roughness in tone quality, or inaccuracy in intonation. Choirmasters find, with a soprano section, for example, that while all the ladies believe they are singing D or E, those fearsome transition tones, some of them are self-deceived. The composite result therefore lacks clarity, because the tone "hovers." It is not flat, but it has a flattening tendency. In the mere matter of intonation the attainment of a polished technique is impossible. We can get only an approximation, the closer to the ideal the better.

And so in every detail of choir-training the aim should be to seek for the best that weak humanity can do, to trim away with unsparing hand all crude roughness, and what we might call tone excrescences, to insist on accuracy in rhythm and time, and then to consider the possibilities of emotional expression.

With a chorus driven to the purification of its technical faults, so that it is not a mere crowd of singers but a homogeneous entity, elastic and responsive "effects" of the utmost beauty can be produced. The human voice is so appealing in its timbre, that with all its imperfections

choral work is bound to be the most popular form of music, not only with the crowd, but with the singers themselves.

The past season in Toronto has limped in one respect. There were no concerts by the Mendelssohn Choir. Dr A. S. Vogt, the conductor, was abroad, faring from St Petersburg to Barcelona, and from Vienna to Boulogne in search of choral eloquence. Whether or not he found it is not a question for present discussion. There was no February Festival, and Toronto suffered.

Three other societies, well-established, made their annual appearance. Dr Ham's National Chorus displayed a marked improvement over previous years in tone quality, particularly in the women's voices. As before, its virility may have been open to discussion. The work of Dr Broome's Oratorio Society was virile and fervid, like the accomplished conductor, but one might justly criticize its dynamic range and its tone quality. The Schubert Choir, in the mechanics of choral singing, was admirable, but, after all, music is not mechanism, but life. All these choruses possessed a ringing fortissimo. Rarely did they develop the grace of a supreme pianissimo. And yet, while one may pick flaws, it cannot be doubted that each of these societies has an important place in the development of musical knowledge and artistic taste in the city. No new works of commanding importance were heard, but choral affairs were by no means at a standstill because of the Sabbatical year enjoyed, or suffered, by the Mendelssohn Choir. The Madrigal Society of sixty voices, under Francis Coombes, made its bow, and accomplished work of excellent finish in this delicate form of musical art.

Perhaps too little attention is paid by music lovers to the work that is being accomplished by the church choirs

of the city of Toronto. One of them gave Coleridge-Taylor's charming but difficult "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast." Another was heard in Cherubini's Requiem in C Minor. Another gave, with an auxiliary chorus of children, Benoit's "Into the World." The same choir has been singing during successive Sunday nights the music of the "Elijah." Still another produced Gounod's "St Cecilia Mass." Other compositions heard in whole or in part during the season were Gounod's "Gallia" and the "Redemption," the "Daughter of Jairus," "From Olivet to Calvary," "The Seven Words," by Dubois, and "The Darkest Hour." There is in the choir lofts a growing passion for unaccompanied work, and a growing efficiency in its performance. The church choirs of Toronto are a credit to the city, not only for the quality of the work they do, but for the undoubted influence they exert in familiarizing the general public with the compositions of the masters of music. It is a matter for satisfaction that the majority of the choirmasters set their faces rigidly against the use of the sensational, sentimental, and meretricious in preparing their programmes from week to week. Slowly the clergy are beginning to sympathize with this quiet work of exclusion. Seldom now is the pretence set up that bad music is more "spiritual" than good. Surely this is an advance worth considering.

And it is not confined to Toronto. In the other cities of Ontario the church music is of first-rate quality. The work of Mr Hewlett in Hamilton, Mr Jordan in London, and Mr Key in Brockville, may be specially mentioned, although it is an invidious distinction. If one were to give a complete catalogue of notable choir leaders in the churches of Ontario, it would be as long as the Law List.

The most distinctive choral society outside of Toronto

is the Elgar Choir of Hamilton, conducted by Bruce Carey. It is far above the average in technique, and has developed an artistic eloquence of quite extraordinary character. Last season it appeared in Detroit and won an unqualified success. In many of the smaller towns choral societies have been formed, and are stimulating an interest in the best music. One may cite the Ladies' Choral Society of Petrolia, conducted by Horace M'Dougall, and a chorus which draws from Wallaceburg, Dresden, and Chatham for its material.

Year after year it becomes more plain that the greatest cultural agency in this Province will be found "in quires and places where they sing."

J. E. MIDDLETON



THE PRESENT STATUS OF GRAND  
OPERA IN CANADA

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH



## THE PRESENT STATUS OF GRAND OPERA IN CANADA

GRAND opera in Canada appears to have reached the awkward age. It has emerged from babyhood into a rather scrawny childhood, and how it is going to weather the illnesses attendant on that period remains to be seen. The outcome will entirely depend on whether a fair percentage of the public really wants grand opera, on an adequate scale, so much as to be willing to pay for it, in part at least. Unfortunate differences have made the future of the only important enterprise of the kind that this country has known in some degree doubtful. The writer has no confidence whatever in grand opera, without a strong private and disinterested endowment,—since in this country, whether vast numbers of people either do not believe in the theatre at all or are indifferent to it, municipal or government endowment is impossible. It is certain in the light of recent events that if, as some persons have suggested, the Federal Government decided to make a grant toward the support of a national opera, there would not only be sectional quarrels, just as there are whenever a grant is proposed for the construction of better highways, but that the whole hive of moralists would be let loose. They would buzz and sting and endeavour to torment the enterprise out of existence. They would demand that with public endowment there should be public censorship of the works produced. In the case of grand opera this

would be fatal. It is a composite product which may be approached only from the artistic standpoint; if viewed from the standpoint of the average professor of "morality" (which is not morality at all, but sex-obsession) it is doomed. And this is the way it would be viewed by many people in this country once an attempt were made to expend public money in its support.

"Rigoletto," for instance, contains some of the most beautiful melodies ever composed; it has been the delight of lovers of Italian music for three generations. But if an attempt were made to produce it under Government auspices we should learn from self-appointed committees of "forty," or "sixty," or a "hundred," that it was a foul emanation from hell. Let us suppose that the management decided to produce "Faust"! The witch-finder-general of the moralists would discover that Margaret receives the hero in her bedroom with dire consequences to herself, and ask for a warrant for the prima donna's arrest. Some person who had never heard of the opera before would go to see "Carmen," find out that she was a hussy, and have a question put in Parliament about it. A wholesale dismissal of all the officials of the opera would be demanded if any attempt were made to produce "Louise," the heroine of which defies the conventions in the most deliberate manner. Or if "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," into which sex does not enter at all, were presented, a new line of attack would be developed. The censors-at-large would discover that it was sacrilegious, and, worse still, savoured of Popery. The Orange Order would be appealed to to protest by resolution against such an abomination. "Madame Butterfly" would be impossible, because the poor little Japanese girl has a child in the innocent belief that she is really the wife of an American officer. "La

Tosca" would be equally anathema, because Scarpia's intentions toward the heroine in the second act are clearly base. "Herodiade"! Well, everyone knows what would be said about that tale of lust and retribution! "Thais"! Equally impossible, because the lady, though ultimately converted to Christianity, is undoubtedly free in her manners during the early part of the opera. "Tales of Hoffmann" might pass in part, although the second episode, introducing the famous *barcarolle*, would have to be cut out because Giulietta is a Venetian courtesan. "Cavalleria Rusticana"! Horrors! Neither Santuzza nor Lola is any better than she should be. "Aida" might pass for the most part, but the finale would have to be eliminated, for it is clearly improper to lock up two ardent young people in a tomb without a chaperon. And so it would go! No government, federal or municipal, could stand up against the storm of criticism that would arise if one copper were spent in support of grand opera. This is not written in jest; it is an actual statement of fact. From recent events it is quite obvious that this is the way in which a considerable portion of the community who, in the pretence that they wish to elevate the theatre, are at heart bent on its destruction, would approach the matter. For its appeal, grand opera relies on tales of passionate love, leading to a passionate *dénouement*. You cannot compose passionate music unless you have passionate episodes around which to weave it. You cannot have passion without sex; and you cannot introduce sex without bringing the sex-obsessed persons who call themselves moralists down on your heads, and with them the newspapers, who do not take these gentry very seriously, but think it "good business" to support them in their efforts to "elevate the stage."



So much for the practical politics of publicly endowed grand opera! Suppose the whole spirit of the community were to change, that the artistic viewpoint should be conferred on a majority of the community as it is in most European countries. What then? Except in three or four cities you cannot have grand opera, because there is no place to house it. Even at that there is no city of Canada which possesses really adequate facilities for the production of great musical works of this class, although the staff of the Montreal Opera Company has shown remarkable skill and ingenuity in the past in overcoming the obstacles involved in this condition. The advocates of a national endowment have suggested an organization which should tour many cities other than those of Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and Quebec. For the reason given, adequate productions would be impossible in such cities, yet they would naturally object to a public grant which provided entertainment for a very limited part of the community.

To come back to private endowment, which, one has said, is the only system possible in this country. Anyone who supposes that grand opera done on the scale established by the Montreal Opera Company can be made to pay is the veriest dreamer. It must owe its existence to the enthusiasm of capitalists who are willing for the benefit of the community to foot annual losses in large amounts. Grand opera conducted as a paying enterprise is not grand opera at all. But the most disinterested musical enthusiast does not feel like spending his money on something which the community does not want,—especially when he can afford to go away to some great centre and hear great music whenever he feels like it. This brings us back to what one said at the outset, that the outcome of the present situation depends on whether



or not the public really wants grand opera. Does it? Sometimes I think it does and sometimes I think otherwise. It depends on the size of the audience, for there is apparently no way of judging what the public will or will not support. Colonel Meighen and the Montreal gentlemen whom he has been able to enlist in the cause have already made great sacrifices, and one believes that they are willing to do so in the future, if it is made clear that a fair percentage of the public really desires that grand opera should be a permanent factor in the artistic life of this country. The differences that have arisen, and which have left the future of the enterprise trembling in the balance, are not financial but managerial, the type of quarrel that arises from time to time in all great operatic enterprises. Once a solution has been arrived at there is no doubt that ample funds will be available for the purpose of private endowment,—if the artistic impulse of the community is strong enough to repay the sacrifice with gratitude.

HECTOR CHARLESWORTH



MUSIC IN MANITOBA

By CHARLES H. WHEELER



## MUSIC IN MANITOBA

**W**HILE the growth of music in Winnipeg, and the Province of Manitoba generally, has not been commensurate with the enormous expansion in stone, bricks, and mortar, which represents commercial prosperity and the expenditure of vast sums of money, an optimistic opinion may be expressed that through the earnest endeavours of a few hundred enthusiasts, a great change is in progress for the betterment of the art, not only in this city, but in Brandon, Portage la Prairie, Morden, and other large towns in the province.

Manitoba is a new country when compared with Ontario and Quebec, and is under disadvantages from an art standpoint owing to its isolated position on the map of Canada ; but with the advent of ample railroad facilities, and the resultant increased number of visits by musicians of renown, vocalists and instrumentalists, Winnipeg, representing the province, is beginning to loom up as a musical centre never dreamed of in the old pioneer days.

It is about thirty-three years since Joseph Hecker, an able German musician, and subsequently conductor of the famous Elgin band in the U.S., organized the Philharmonic Society, the first organization of its kind in the West. Dr MacLagan came from Montreal about the same time to assume the duties of organist of Holy Trinity Church, and he, too, formed a choral society : and three or four years afterwards, Professor Philp, an Ontario musician, swelled the professional element at that

time to significant proportions. Then came the land boom slump, with its depressive set back, and consequent departure of Messrs Hecker and Philp, together with the untimely death of Maclagan.

For a few years musical matters in Winnipeg were at a low ebb, only kept afloat through the active exertions of the Apollo Club, with its membership of from thirty to forty amateur instrumentalists, who gave two concerts a year with vocal interpolations. In the last years of this Club's existence, the concerts were conducted by Paul Henneberg, the solo flautist to the then noted Mendelssohn Quintette of Boston.

Contemporary with the operations of the Apollo Club were the comic opera productions by the Winnipeg Operatic Society, an aggregation of amateurs who entertained large audiences for quite a number of years.

But the first great impulse given to choral music came with the series of oratorios given under the direction of David Ross in the auditorium of Knox Church, which, after his departure from the city to reside in Toronto, were continued under the baton of Rhys Thomas, a Welsh musician.

Another impetus to choral music was the visit of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, principal of the Royal Academy, London, who toured from East to West, through Canada, conducting a Cycle of Festivals from the end of March to the middle of May, 1903. These Festivals were organized by Dr Charles A. Harriss.

It may be mentioned here that several attempts have been made to promote a permanent symphony orchestra in Winnipeg, but hitherto without success. Alexander Scott, after the Apollo Club was broken up, projected the Winnipeg Orchestral Society into prominence, and gave periodical performances. In recent years, a Servian



musician, Alexander Savine, presented one or two orchestral concerts, but was more successful with his operatic choral recitals. Within the last year and a half, Herr Gustav Stephan, a professor from the Guildhall School of Music, London, has been actively engaged in trying to arouse public interest along similar lines. He has already produced over a dozen programmes, as well as another notable list of standard compositions which were performed in the big Convention Hall of the Industrial Bureau, with a trained orchestra of fifty pieces, on June 18th.

But the most promising outlook for music in Winnipeg began with the formation of the Winnipeg Oratorio Society about six years ago, when, in conjunction with Mr. C. P. Walker, owner of the Walker Theatre, and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, a series of six concerts were given in that beautiful auditorium, lasting three days, under the title of "The Western Canada Musical Festival," and with that designation these festivals have been successfully held each year since.

The first chorus-master was Fred Warrington, a Toronto musician, who was succeeded by Dr Ralph Horner, an Englishman of ability, and this year the task of training the fine chorus was given to J. J. Moncrieff of Winnipeg.

The Elgar Musical Society came into existence about four years ago, and had three conductors—Messrs Murray, Warrington and E. E. Ninen. But the latter is now sole director, being a Mus. Bac. of Toronto University, Fellow of the Royal College of Organists, London, and an organist and composer of acknowledged ability. This society also gives periodical concerts.

Dr Horner was closely associated with the Gilbert and Sullivan operas in the Old Country, and two years ago he produced a romantic opera of his own composition entitled

"The Belles of Barcelona." His choir also won one of the Earl Grey prizes, and several of his instrumental compositions have been played by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.

George Bowles, formerly organist of Grace Church, also composed and successfully produced his own opera, as did William Dichmont, who is likewise a composer of popular songs and some well-written music. Then there is W. M. Miles, who writes for the orchestra with such melodious fluency.

The Women's Musical Club is one of the most flourishing musical organizations in Western Canada, its influence being felt right through to Victoria on the Pacific Coast. It has a membership considerably in excess of six hundred women,—all of them supposedly lovers of the divine art,—with a bank balance of two thousand five hundred dollars. Many famous artists have visited Winnipeg under its benign auspices since its formation over a decade and a half ago.

That the musical outlook for both city and province shows promising signs of increased endeavour is not only borne out by the contemplated operations next season, as announced by the three societies previously named—the Winnipeg Oratorio Society, the Elgar Society, and the Women's Club—but it is further augmented by the declaration of Herr Stephan that he will continue his orchestral concerts.

Another remarkable illustration of local musical progress is furnished by the church choirs of the city. Thirty-three years ago these important adjuncts to the services of religion might have been counted on the fingers of one hand as far as merit was concerned, and to-day nearly every church in the city can boast of excellent choirs to sing high-class music with facility. In

many instances there are splendid organs and talented organists, which materially contribute to the musical life of resident enthusiasts. Brandon and Portage la Prairie also possess good choirs.

There are four military bands in Winnipeg, including the old-established City Band, conducted by S. L. Barrowclough, who is also at the head of the Columbia Conservatory of Music. This band is also connected with the Ninetieth Rifle Regiment. The band of the Winnipeg Grenadiers is ably conducted by James O'Donnell, and there are equally talented musicians who lead the Veterans' Band and the fine organization which leads the regimental parades of the Cameron Highlanders. The first City Band was organized in the year 1874 by an Englishman named Walker, but it was another English bandmaster, James Johnson, who came to Winnipeg in 1885, and brought the military band to that high state of efficiency which has existed from the year named right down to the date of his retirement.

CHARLES H. WHEELER



MUSIC  
IN ALBERTA AND SASKATCHEWAN

By NORMAN LAMBERT





## MUSIC IN ALBERTA AND SASKATCHEWAN

THE extent to which music has found a place in the life of the two prairie provinces, Alberta and Saskatchewan, can be gauged more easily and more accurately, perhaps, than in any of the other provinces of Canada. The reason for this fact is simple enough: both Alberta and Saskatchewan, for the last five years, have had the necessary gauge by which they have been able to observe and register developments in music. That gauge has been an annual festival of music held in each province under the auspices of a permanent provincial musical association. And, just as the statistical records have shown such rapid material development in the lands of those vast provinces from year to year, so the records of our festivals of music show that in the realm of art, larger areas are being brought under cultivation, and yearly, the harvest of singers and instrumentalists is becoming more abundant and of an improved quality.

Isolation has done much to encourage a spirit of self-sufficiency in the musical life of these two most central of the western provinces. While Manitoba was enjoying the artistic advantages of its comparative nearness to large and fairly well matured centres in the Western States, such as St Paul, Minneapolis and Chicago, and while British Columbia's coast cities, bound in the same chain of theatrical and concert attractions with the cities of the Pacific Coast States, were being entertained

by the professional, Alberta and Saskatchewan, cut off from this outer world through their lack of populated centres, opera houses, and convenient lines of transportation, were organizing and educating themselves, with the result that to-day these two provinces are the only parts of the Dominion where music is being encouraged in anything like a broad, national spirit. And now, too, since large towns and cities have grown up in Saskatchewan and Alberta, and they are sufficiently near together to enable concert and theatrical companies and artists to journey conveniently and profitably from one place to another, better theatres and music halls have been erected, and every evidence is at hand of an intelligent musical appreciation.

The chief, as well as the most accomplished, form of musical activity is to be found in the choral organizations. The basis of all choral work here, as it has been in older sections of Canada, is the church choir. The several choral societies which now exist in Alberta and Saskatchewan, while they are in no way conjoined with the church, are made up principally of church singers. In Saskatchewan, the principal choral organizations now in existence are as follows: The Clef Club, Regina, with Mr A. D. Sturrock as conductor; The Beethoven Choir, Moose Jaw, with George Izon as conductor (this choir won the first prize in the choral society competitions at the Saskatchewan Festival of Music, for 1913, held in Regina in May); The Orpheus Choir, with W. Bedford, conductor, and the Philharmonic Society, with George Weaver, conductor, of Saskatoon; The Prince Albert Choral Society, Prince Albert, with W. J. Dann, conductor; The Lloydminster Choir, with Mr Stevenson, conductor (this choir is composed of English people, the Barr colonists, who settled in and around Lloydminster

nine years ago); and The Indian Head Choral Society. Besides these, which have a strength ranging from sixty to seventy-five voices each, there are two splendid male choirs, one conducted by Mr Buckley of Regina, and the Welsh Male Choir, of Saskatoon, conducted by John Parry. An idea of the work undertaken by these organizations may be gained from the syllabus of the Fifth Annual Festival of Music held at Regina this year, which prescribed for competition Stanford's "The Battle of the Baltic," and any chorus from Liszt's "Thirteenth Psalm." The male choirs were obliged to study last year a composition by Rhodes, "Remember now thy Creator," and the "Windlass Song" by MacFarren.

In instrumental music Saskatchewan is not as matured or as educated as in its singing. A noticeable increase has been marked, however, in the number of solo piano and violin, clarinet, flute, cornet, and trombone entries at the provincial Festival. And amongst the symphonic organizations, the class of work done this year shows a decided advance when compared with the efforts of previous years. The Saskatoon Symphony Orchestra, with John Jackson, conductor, was awarded premier honours at the Festival of 1913, and the selections played in the competition were the Hungarian Dance No. 2 in D, by Brahms, and "Anitra's Tanz," from the Peer Gynt Suite, by Greig. The other principal orchestras, all of which contain between forty and fifty pieces, are the Moose Jaw Symphony Orchestra, the Regina Symphony, with Mr B. Bejorge, conductor, and Whewell's Orchestra, also of Regina. The best band in the province is the Twenty-Ninth Light Horse Regimental Band, of Saskatoon, with G. H. Miller, conductor. This band was complimented by one of the adjudicators at the Festival,

Dr G. W. Andrews, of Oberlin, Ohio, who declared it "good enough to be heard anywhere." Its selections were "Poet and Peasant," by Suppé, and the Introduction to the Third Act and Bridal Chorus from "Lohengrin," by Wagner.

Alberta, like its sister province, excels in choral singing. Edmonton, which has been the home of the provincial Festival of Music every year since its inception in 1907, is the principal musical centre. In this city, besides four splendid church choirs, ranging in membership from thirty-five to sixty-five people, each of which, every winter, prepares one of the oratorios for a special concert, there are two very well-balanced choral societies, and a large festival chorus which has been for six years a feature of the annual Festival of Music. The Strathcona Choral Society, conducted by C. E. K. Cox, and the Edmonton Choral Union, conducted by John King, are the names of the two Edmonton organizations. Mr Vernon Barford, who is also the successful leader of the Edmonton Male Choir, conducts the Festival Chorus and Orchestra. This last-named institution is undoubtedly the most important musical body in Western Canada. It has become an inseparable part of the Alberta Festival of Music. Three days are given to the Festival proper, which is made up of the competitions in the different classes of music, but on each evening of these three days a special programme is provided by the winning contestants and by the Festival Chorus, which, this year, sang Elgar's "The Banner of St George." There are two hundred and twenty-five voices in this Festival Chorus, and fifty-four pieces in the orchestra, classified as follows: first violins, twelve; second violins, ten; violas, four; cellos, five; basses, three; flutes, two; oboe, one; clarinets, two; bassoon, one; horns, four; cornets, three; trom-





METROPOLITAN METHODIST CHOIR, REGINA  
Winners at Provincial Musical Festival, 1913





bones, three; tuba, one; timpani, one; and percussion, two. Their rendering of the "Banner of St George," especially the Epilogue, which is such a favourite with the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, was a remarkable accomplishment, the spirited interpretation and fine tonal effects giving evidence of distinct ability in Mr Barford, the conductor, and of diligent work by both choir and orchestra.

Calgary also has its choral organizations, which have for some years been giving annual concerts before the people of their city, but which have not, as yet, taken part in the provincial Festival. The Apollo choir, of one hundred voices, conducted by Mr Newcombe, is the oldest and most successful musical organization in Calgary, and there is also the Calgary Choral Society, conducted by Mr Reynolds, which has been doing good work. Until early this year orchestral music in Calgary has not been in a well organized or very efficient state. But in April the announcement was made that money had been collected by private subscription to encourage and support a professional orchestra of fifty instruments for Calgary, to be conducted by Max Weil, a violinist and a musician of considerable ability, who has come to Calgary from St Paul, Minnesota.

Lethbridge, Red Deer, Wetaskiwin, and Cardston have successful Choral Societies, although they have still to appear in the competitions which are held each year at the Alberta Festival of Music. Operatic organizations have also given the amateur talent of several of the Alberta cities an opportunity for cultivation and display. In April of this year, while "The Yeomen of the Guard" was being prepared in Toronto, the Calgary Operatic Society was presenting the same production, and in Edmonton the operatic society there, which numbers

forty-five voices, including principals and chorus, and an orchestra of twenty-five instruments, was giving "The Mikado."

Six years ago, when the Alberta Festival of Music was organized and the first Festival was held, there were less than thirty entries. The last one that was held in May of the present year had a list of over one hundred and sixty entries. Saskatchewan's progress has been even more marked. In 1909, when the first Festival was held at Regina, twenty-five entries were recorded in the different competitions. After going to Saskatoon, Prince Albert, and Moose Jaw, gaining in size and popularity every year, the Festival returned this May to Regina, where two hundred and thirty-six entries were listed in the various classes, representing the growing interest of singers and players from the four corners of the vast province of Saskatchewan.

And these Festivals in Alberta and Saskatchewan will continue to grow. The people interested in them have their eyes set upon bigger things than mere provincial organizations. Now they are hoping that some day the other provinces in the Dominion may interest their people in musical festivals, and that the winners may be enabled to meet each other as representatives of their respective provinces in the Earl Grey competitions, and make of that function a really national institution.

NORMAN LAMBERT

# MUSIC IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES

By D. ARNOLD FOX



## MUSIC IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES

**I**T is to be feared that the following record of choral and orchestral activity in the Maritime Provinces will appear to be a somewhat meagre one to those dwelling in other portions of the Dominion in which there is a more intense artistic atmosphere, which enjoy a fuller musical life, and where a plethora of musical events of this character is regarded as a normal state of affairs.

These provinces by the sea have never experienced material prosperity to the same extent as that enjoyed by the rest of the Dominion. The tide of immigration has not flowed in our direction, nor does it as yet do so, and we have not, until lately, succeeded in attracting outside capital for the development of our magnificent natural resources.

When these provinces take their rightful place in the great family circle of the Dominion and vie with their sisters in wealth and material prosperity, conditions now prevailing will, no doubt, find their logical and proportionate adjustment. The absence of any systematic and comprehensive musical instruction or sight singing in the public schools, such as is carried on in the Toronto schools, is another factor unfavourable to the growth of a popular appreciation of part-singing.

As the oldest, and therefore the senior, of the Maritime Provinces, Nova Scotia shall receive prior attention. Halifax, as the capital and, for so long, the naval and military headquarters, is naturally the chief

musical centre. The long continued presence of the officers and their families undoubtedly exerted a beneficial effect on the artistic life of the town and heightened the standard of its musical life. It enjoys to-day a more favourable position in this respect than any other place in the provinces. Its most important musical organization is the Orpheus Club, now in its thirtieth year of existence, and during that long period it has presented a large number of important works. It has an active membership of seventy-five.

During the past year, under the baton of Harry Dean, their conductor, the Society has performed C. H. Lloyd's cantata, "Hero and Leander," a concert arrangement of Gounod's "Faust," and also Elgar's oratorio, "The Light of Life." While the chorus and orchestra were local musicians, the club had to go across the border for the principal soloists. The club also presented last May, with great success, Sousa's opera, "El Capitan."

Another musical aggregation doing good work on a smaller scale is the Ladies' Musical Club, which is growing steadily in membership and has given excellent programmes in the evenings devoted to opera under the inspiring leadership of Miss Kate M'Intosh. The St Patrick Musical Club has also presented light operas in a very creditable manner, under the direction of Ira D. Hubley.

Turning to other provincial centres, North Sidney can lay claim to an increasing amount of musical activity. It possesses a choral union numbering seventy voices, conducted by Stanley Purves. They included in their programme, presented in May last, Anderton's cantata, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," and miscellaneous choral numbers. Earlier in the season, at Sydney, two Gilbert and Sullivan operas were presented very adequately, in



which the North Sydney choir assisted; and last January, to tickle the popular ear, "The Geisha" was well presented by Sydney performers under the direction of Prof. F. Liscombe.

There is an undoubted awakening of musical activity in the town of Truro, as manifested in the recent formation of the Truro Choral Society, consisting of about seventy voices. Bennett's oratorio, "The Woman of Samaria," has been put into rehearsal under the conductorship of A. E. Whitehead, A.R.C.O. The formation of the society was the outcome of a performance of Stainer's "Daughter of Jairus," Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer," and other music in St Andrew's Presbyterian Church last February, the chorus consisting of members of most of the city choirs under the baton of Mr Whitehead, the organist being Miss Rose Smith.

Similarly with other towns and small cities throughout the province. Truro is indebted to the pipe organ recital for a greater part of its instrumental music. The Ladies' Club also gave a concert last April, at which excellent musical fare was provided, including a fine rendering of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto by Miss Rose Smith, Miss C. Layton playing the accompaniments on a second piano. "Part Songs" were rendered by the ladies of the club. Another important musical event was the concert given by Mrs F. Finlayson, a gifted violinist, formerly of Toronto, who is held in high esteem by Truroians.

At Amherst, in February, a very creditable performance took place of Gaul's "Holy City," by the choir of Christ Church, augmented for the occasion to seventy voices, under the direction of Frank Wright.

Directing our attention to the Province of New Brunswick, practically the only place involving our consideration is its chief city, our commercial centre—St John. Here

we must note that the conditions governing artistic matters are rather less favorable, for reasons that have already been given, than those prevailing in the sister city of Halifax. There is, nevertheless, a creditable amount of musical activity, and the high standard of efficiency maintained by some of the church choirs of the city is a feature of the choral situation. Both in the standard of music performed and in the manner of performance, the ideal is a commendably high one. About two years ago, on the invitation of Ernest S. Peacock, choirmaster of St Luke's Church, members of several of the city choirs united with St. Luke's in the rehearsal of many of the Messiah choruses, and in April 1911 these, with most of the solos in the work, were rendered in St Luke's Church with organ and piano accompaniment in a creditable manner. This performance, as in the case of Truro previously mentioned, resulted in the formation of the St John Choral Society.

"The Messiah" and "Creation" were immediately put into rehearsal, the former work being well performed in the Opera House in January 1912. This was followed by a two days' festival in the May following, at which Haydn's "Creation" received a successful rendering, accompanied by a local orchestra. The second evening was devoted to a miscellaneous programme. During the past season, a successful performance of Cowen's "Rose Maiden" was given, the soloists, with the exception of the soprano, being St John people, the accompaniments being sustained, as before, by a local orchestra. In April last the society concluded its season with a successful two days festival. On the first night a performance of "The Messiah" was given in a more complete form in every respect than on any previous occasion. The chorus showed to advantage, and the soloists were admirable.

Whilst this society cannot truthfully be regarded as thoroughly representative of the city's vocal forces, yet it is undoubtedly doing good work, and should exercise a wider field of usefulness.

The reopening ceremony to commemorate the restoration of Christ Church Cathedral, Fredericton, the seat of the Anglican diocese of New Brunswick, was the occasion of a choral festival on a diocesan scale, and is worthy of record as being the first attempt to bring provincial choir singers together for the purpose of uniting in a choral festival such as is in vogue throughout England. The Cathedral choir was joined by the choir of St John's Church, St John, and members of other choirs, the whole being conducted by the writer, with J. S. Farrar, the Cathedral organist, at the organ. The occasion was rendered more notable by the presence of H.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and suite. The music included Smart, "Te Deum in F," the "Coronation Anthem," "I was glad," Eyre's "Communion Service in E flat," and "The Gloria" from Mozart's 12th Mass. The attack and ensemble throughout was highly creditable, and the successful result attending this experiment would seem to justify the formation of a permanent diocesan choral union.

The La Tour Male Voice Glee Club is, as its name implies, devoted to the study of choral singing for the male voice, and is the only body in this section cultivating this delightful branch of the art. During its short life of two years it has done good instructional work, and has justified its existence by giving several concerts at which standard examples of male voice compositions were creditably rendered under the baton of the writer.

While the absence of orchestras approximating to a symphony standard is to be deplored, due credit should

be given to the military and other bands that are to be found in many of the towns of these provinces, and which, for the most part, supply the public with a high standard of music. It is not too much to say that many a town is indebted solely to its band for the concerted instrumental music it enjoys. Chief among these organizations are the band of the Royal Canadian Regiment and St Patrick's Band, in Halifax. In St John the 3rd Regiment Garrison Artillery and the 62nd St John Fusiliers both possess excellent and flourishing bands. The City Cornet, Carleton Cornet, and St Mary's all come under the same category.

The subject of musical education is somewhat outside the scope of this article, but, with due regard to prescribed limitations, it is but doing bare justice to this important factor in the artistic growth of any community to refer briefly to the excellent educational work in various branches of the art carried on, either under private auspices or in colleges and musical conservatoires, which, possibly, is not excelled in the Dominion.

In New Brunswick, in connection with Mt. Allison University at Sackville, there is a Ladies' College, which is almost entirely devoted to the study of vocal and instrumental music. The training given is most thorough, and the College has turned out many creditable graduates.

At Halifax there is a flourishing Conservatory of Music in connection with the Ladies' College, which has played a conspicuous part in developing musical talent locally. At King's College, Windsor, and also at Acadia Seminary, Wolfville, there are strong musical departments. At the latter institution the Choral Club, which did good work for some years, has suffered a relapse, but an Orchestral Club has been formed, consisting of students, and numbering thirty pieces. It promises to have a useful and



successful future, and made an excellent showing at its first appearance in March last.

No account of music in this province would be quite complete without mention of the names of Edward Manning and J. S. Ford, both of whom have exercised themselves in the creative side of the art. Mr Manning has written a number of very beautiful songs, and has attained no small success in the larger forms of musical writing. He resides in New York. Mr Ford is the composer of many graceful songs, including two song cycles, and a prize anthem.

In concluding this survey of the art in the extreme east, it may be said with some degree of confidence that the prospect of greater development and a livelier movement and growth in the realm of art in these provinces is not at all discouraging.

The writer wishes to express his indebtedness to Miss Ada Ryan, the gifted teacher and musician of Halifax, for valued assistance in the collection of data regarding Nova Scotia.

D. ARNOLD FOX





# MUSICAL COMPOSITION IN CANADA

By DR J. D. LOGAN



## MUSICAL COMPOSITION IN CANADA

WHILE it would be untrue to history to say that Canada is a land without native-born creative composers, the fact is that Canadian composers have not gained, either in their own country or amongst foreign peoples, the respectable reputation which has justly been earned by Canadian poets and artists. Let it be noted, however, that until very recently Canadian poets and artists received only vicarious appreciation in their native country. Canadian composers, on the other hand, do not enjoy even vicarious reputation in their own land. True, the compositions of Clarence Lucas, W. O. Forsyth, and Mrs Gena Branscombe Tenney, to take the most conspicuous instances, have been trebly signalized in other countries, by the imprimatur of the established foreign publishers; by inclusion in the programmes of foreign orchestras, of string quartets, of choral societies, of instrumental virtuosi, and of concert vocalists; and by warmly appreciative press notices by foreign critics. But if it had not been for the belated publicity given by Canadian critics, as, for instance, Augustus Bridle, to the names and art of the three preceding composers, only a sparse few, chiefly musicians, in Canada would be aware of the existence of Mr Lucas, Mr Forsyth, and Mrs Tenney, and the appreciation of these three Canadian composers would be both vicarious and esoteric.

Consistently with the scope of this essay, I must, at the outset, briefly detail the reasons why those Canadian

composers who have disclosed genuine creative genius in their compositions have not gained, at home and abroad, the fame which has been achieved by Canadian poets and artists. First: the people of the United States are apt at recognizing meritorious work done by those who happen to sojourn in that country, which was once peculiarly the land of opportunity. They no sooner recognize the superior craft or art of a foreign sojourner than they appropriate it, label it "American," and exploit it as a strictly "American" product. Thus they have appropriated the Canadian poets, Roberts, Carman, and Stringer; the Canadian painter, Horatio Walker; and the Canadian sculptor, Phimister Proctor. Thus, too, they have claimed as their own the first creative Canadian composer, Calixta Lavallée, and two others, Mr Lucas and Mrs Tenney. The critics, until very recently, said nothing about nativity of these composers. Moreover, the Canadian people have been remiss in this matter. They are as ignorant of the musical history of Canada as they are of the literary history of their country. Their ignorance of these, however, is due to the inadequate curricula of Canadian schools, colleges, and conservatories of music. The University of Toronto, one of the largest in the British Empire, still scorns the suggestion that the literary history of Canada should be taught as a necessary complement to an inclusive survey of English literature. But the appointment of Dr A. S. Vogt to the Musical Directorship of the Toronto Conservatory of Music means, as I know, a radical revision of the curriculum of that great institution, the second largest on the American continent. The revision will make place for courses in musical history and esthetic criticism; and since Dr Vogt knows that the Dominion has a very interesting musical history, he will take care that decent provision is made for it in lectures





GENA BRANSCOMBE TENNEY



and prescribed text-books. Meanwhile, the Canadian people must learn from the infrequent writings of Canadian musical critics that the Dominion possesses some composers as gifted in genius as Roberts, Carman, D. C. Scott, Arthur Stringer, Alan Sullivan, and Isabel Ecclestone Mackay are in poetry.

There has never been in Canada any period of consciously systematic musical composition, as there have been periods of systematic poetic and pictorial composition. Of the last, Newton MacTavish has written illuminatingly in his essay, "A Renaissance of Art in Canada," and elsewhere I have treated critically the "Renaissance of Canadian Poetry." But there has never existed a group of Canadian composers who corresponded in time, genius, devotion, and accomplishment to the groups of Canadian poets and artists that, during the years between 1890 and 1900, systematically applied themselves to writing fine poetry and painting fine pictures. On the contrary, from the productive days of Calixta Lavallée (born, 1842; died, 1891) to the present, composition by Canadian musicians has been so sporadic as to be a phenomenon in itself. From Lavallée onward, Canada has never been without one or more composers whose genius was genuinely creative, and whose published or performed compositions were at least artistically respectable. But either from indolence, or paucity of inspirational moments, or vocational exigency, or infrequency of professional engagement, the total number of worthy compositions by native-born Canadian composers (excluding Mr Lucas, Mr Forsyth, and Mrs Tenney) is less than 100 in thirty-five years, counting from 1878, in which Lavallée composed his brilliant cantata in welcome to the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise. Even the splendidly gifted Lavallée was a sporadic composer; and

his creative period, during which he really composed much, was as brief as inventive, and ended as suddenly as it began.

I am inclined, judging by the social conditions of the times and by the nature of the compositions, to attribute the sporadic output by Canadian composers to two causes : (1) infrequency of public occasion, and (2) vocational exigency. For the most part, Canadian musicians have been merely "occasional" composers ; that is to say, men and women who, though they possessed creative genius, and were technically trained in harmony, counterpoint, composition, instrumentation, and orchestration, only set about to compose, by request, for some special social or political event or occasion (as, for instance, Lavallée's cantata cited above). Again : all those Canadian musicians who could be composers were occupied during week-days as teachers, and during Sundays as church-choir leaders, organists, or soloists. This constricted both the faculty of musical composition and the leisure for it. Under the press of work, even if one, in a lucid moment of leisure, did happen to compose a song-setting or a piano *morceau* that was technically satisfying, there could be no systematic devotion to melodic invention, no application of original harmonization, and hardly any aiming at refined nuances in structure, style, rhythm, tone-colour, and emotion.

The last ten or twelve years tell a different tale. Amongst those Canadians who, through force of circumstances, must still remain sporadic in musical composition, there is a consciously critical striving after novel thematic material, adroit treatment of this with modern harmony and counterpoint ; and refinement, often exquisite, in tone-colour and emotional nuances. As conspicuous instances of this change in the attitude of Canadian composers to

the art, I may cite Dr Vogt's spiritually lovely chant, "The Lord's Prayer" (1900); his exquisite part-song for women's voices, "An Indian Lullaby" (1906); and his finely descriptive chorus, "The Sea" (1911). This solicitude for originality and refinement is a sign of the growth of the artistic conscience in Canadian composers, and the beginning of a systematic application of artistry to the form and expressional beauty of their music.

This, however, is a formal and æsthetic advance in ideals. The same ten or twelve years have witnessed an advance in conspectus and in devotion to musical art. For there have been active during that period at least three Canadian composers, who, by virtue of consistent application of their genius to original composition in the larger as well as in the smaller forms of music, and by virtue of the quantity and the quality of their compositions, may justly be considered the first native-born Canadians systematically to devote themselves to musical composition. These three are: Clarence Lucas, born at Smithville near Niagara, Ontario, now resident in New York; W. O. Forsyth, born in Markham Township, Ontario, now resident in Toronto; and Mrs Gena (Branscombe) Tenney, born at Picton, Ontario, now resident in New York. Space limitations permit only a summary of the status and achievements of these three creative Canadian composers.

Lucas has been signalized by Mr Bridle as the one outstanding figure (as a composer) from Canada. Lucas thoroughly deserves this distinction. He has composed in almost all forms of modern music. I myself have counted over a list of more than 130 compositions—8 for orchestra, 12 for organ, 20 for piano, 12 for violin, 50 songs, 6 operas, 2 cantatas, and a miscellany of oratorios, anthems, compositions for piano and orchestra

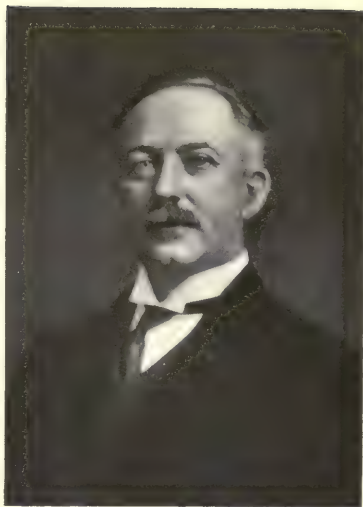


and for 'cello, and several transcriptions for the piano. Lucas has been heralded by foreign composers and critics as a Titan in genius and in energy. His larger instrumental works have been performed by foreign orchestras; his chief choral works have been sung by foreign choral societies; and his piano compositions and songs are in the repertory of instrumental virtuosi and concert vocalists. He is highly original and prolific in melodic invention; adroit, often learned and difficult, in harmonic structure, figuration, and modulation; but always he is the superb artist—imaginative, suffusing his technical treatment with poetry and spiritual beauty. Mrs Tenney composes, chiefly in the shorter forms: songs, piano *morceaux*, and pieces for piano and violin. She is a prolific composer of songs. These are distinguished by melodic novelty, harmonic colour, ingenious modulations, and, above all else, by intense emotion, frequently enhanced by a Keltic wistfulness. In short, her songs have "soul." Her instrumental pieces are rare, dainty *jeux de joie*—winning the fancy and healing the spirit with pure joy or tender peace. Forsyth, though a busy teacher, has already about sixty compositions, chiefly piano pieces and songs, to his credit. Also among his works are several fugues for organ, and two orchestral suites which have been honoured with special performance in Leipzig. Forsyth's genius is strikingly lyrical. In piano pieces his melodies are intrinsically charming, and are harmonized so as to give them individuality. His climaxes are worked up with an imaginative luxuriance that suggests Chopin. In all his piano pieces and songs, pure beauty of form and of sentiment are supreme.

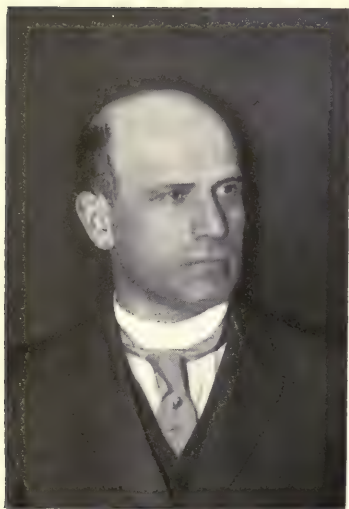
Other Canadians, native and foreign-born, who have contributed more to musical literature than a brief article is able to suggest, cover pretty much the whole field of



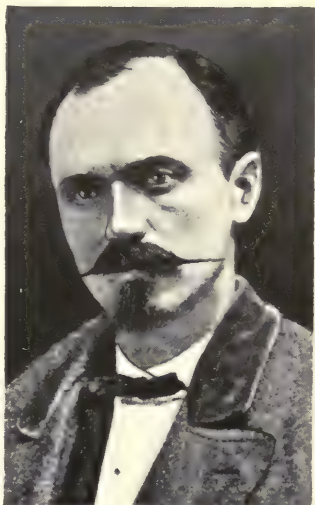
W. O. FORSYTH



J. D. A. TRIPP



CLARENCE LUCAS



CALIXTA LAVALLÉE





minor works in all branches of composition. Dr J. Edward Broome has written a large number of good anthems and part-songs; Dr Albert Ham, songs, instrumental forms, and anthems; Leo Smith, piano pieces and songs, characterized by fine harmonic structure; Heinrich J. Lautz, many songs and piano pieces, with a strong lyric vein; E. M. Guillaume Couture, ecclesiastical music; Octave Pelletier, masses, etc.; Frank Blachford, choral pieces and piano works; Frank Welsman, a few pieces for piano; Frank C. Smith, short instrumental forms; Ernest D. Gray, songs and short instrumental forms; Dr Gutzeit, choral pieces and songs; Robert S. Pigott, now of New York, a number of songs; and J. D. A. Tripp, songs and male choruses. Nor must we omit to mention Luigi von Kunits, who, before he became a citizen of Canada, was the composer of many pieces for the violin, for strings, and for brief orchestral performance.

All these have written music worthy the test of time; and they add a comparatively large total to the efforts of those who, by more attention to that branch of the art, may have accomplished more.

J. D. LOGAN



# ORCHESTRAL MUSIC IN ONTARIO

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



## ORCHESTRAL MUSIC IN ONTARIO

**O**RCHESTRAL music in Canada is yet in a rudimentary stage, though in point of repertoire the orchestras of this country are comparable to those of most countries. It is one thing to accumulate a repertoire; quite another to build up symphony orchestras capable of performing them in open competition. As there never has been a tariff on imported orchestras—thank heaven!—our local organizations have been compelled to compete with the United States, which is about the most serious kind of competition possible, for American orchestras are among the best in the world.

It was a concise but comprehensive remark of A. S. Vogt: "No city, no matter what development it makes in general music, can be a real music centre without a permanent symphony orchestra."

It was an equally illuminating comment of Frank Welsman, conductor of the Toronto Symphony: "I don't believe there can ever be any real school of composition in this country till we have more native orchestral music."

It is many years now since the first attempts were made to build up more or less permanent orchestras in this country. Torrington ranks as the pioneer in a big way in middle Canada; although when he was a young musician in Montreal, half a century ago, he played violin in a very good orchestra there, whose star soloist was the clever Belgian Jehin-Prume. Since that time Montreal has had intermittent attacks of orchestra, of late years more

especially under the baton of Prof. Goulet, whose excellent band of part professional players was somewhat encroached upon by the orchestra of the Montreal Opera Company, which engaged a number of the local musicians.

In Quebec there is an excellent orchestra, which on an amateur basis has won awards at the Earl Grey competitions. This band is also sustained by French enthusiasm and native love of music under the direction of M. Vézina, and augmented by wood-wind players from one of the regimental bands. Ottawa has had for some years a healthy rival to this under the baton of Donald Hiens, who has also captured some of the Earl Grey awards. Both these orchestras are still in the field and doing well.

Then in Winnipeg there has begun to be a movement to establish an orchestra under the leadership of Mr Stephan, an excellent musician, but so far nothing has been done to place this on a permanent basis. Winnipeg depends nearly altogether upon Minneapolis and Herr Oberhoffer for orchestral music, though perhaps the day may come when the only permanent orchestra in Canada will visit Winnipeg.

But a thousand miles is a long haul for an orchestra, and the band organized seven years ago by the joint enthusiasm of Frank Welsman and the late Dr Fisher, of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, expects to have as much as it can do developing its home concerts and a circuit in Ontario. The Toronto Symphony Orchestra has built wisely and well on the foundations established by F. H. Torrington years ago, when he had symphony orchestras of partly amateur players. The T.S.O. now numbers about sixty players, all professional and all regularly engaged on the season of music outlined by Mr Welsman.

Up to the present the T.S.O., gradually weeding out



its amateurs and semi-professionals, passing from evening to morning rehearsals, importing players direct, securing jobs for players, strengthening this and that section as it might, has come to a repertoire of most of the best things in symphony form, in concertos, fantasias, dances, tone-poems, oratorio accompaniments, and programme music of almost every description. More than fifty concerts have been given in the last five years, a number of these being "popular" in character, but most of them supplemented by the work of a distinguished line of soloists in song, violin, and piano. The artistes brought to Toronto by the T.S.O. form by far the most distinguished series of performers ever engaged for Canadian concert platform. The works chosen for performance have been carefully selected and elaborated into a repertoire gradually more and more familiar to the orchestra's growing and very large clientele.

It is in this education by familiarity that the T.S.O. has its strongest hold upon the people of Toronto and surrounding towns. It is the simple doctrine preached in Canada last winter by Arthur Farwell, of New York—that before people can like good music they must get to know it. The Toronto people owe a large debt to the T.S.O. for familiarity with good music. It's all very well to say, as sometimes it is said—

"Oh, well, the T.S.O. can't compare with the Thomas or the New York Symphony or the Boston or the Damrosch."

But neither Mr Welsman nor his financial backers pretend that it does. They do contend that the T.S.O. is making it possible for people to enjoy better the work of these big touring orchestras by becoming familiarized with the works on their own programmes. They may also justly claim that they themselves perform many of

the best works in fair art-competition with visiting bands.

The net result of the permanence of the T.S.O. is to give a native professional backbone to Canadian music performances. The result to a certain number of directly interested people has been, and still is, a yearly deficit of not less than \$20,000.

Orchestras are part of the high cost of living. Good music is expensive. But it must be had. Unlike choral music nothing is without cost. Every rehearsal, every copy of music, every time a hall is rented for practices or for performances, every programme, every engaged soloist, every out-of-town tour—even a conductor—costs money. And only by spending continually more money can good or worth-while results be achieved. The first cost is high enough. The cost of upkeep is by a geometrical progression. There is no such thing as stagnation or the “just-so” principle. Constant improvement is the only way. And that comes high.

“Oh, well,” we hear every now and then from the man at a concert or the editor of some newspaper, “every rich man has his hobby. Col. Higginson has the Boston Symphony, H. C. Cox has the Toronto Symphony, and——”

There the indulgent music-enthusiasts are content to let the matter rest; unless they turn up the pages of a symphony programme and find there a list of about a hundred men who are more or less supposed to be guarantors of the orchestra. A good many of these are wealthy men. The total deficit for one year divided even by the number of men able to pay would not be a huge amount per man. But it happens that only a few of these are enthusiastic enough to guarantee anything more than a nominal subscription. Most of them have a lot of faith

in the practical enthusiasm of one man. Very few, perhaps, take the trouble to think what it must mean by way of increasing the total guarantee if the orchestra is to develop by the expenditure of cash as much as it has been doing in the elaboration of its programmes.

Until the many of the men at present guarantors take a more lively interest in the orchestra, and more men become guarantors, and the general public, led by the newspapers, ceases to think that the upkeep of the orchestra is peculiarly one man's business, the story of orchestral development year by year will be that of an uphill and sometimes rather discouraging struggle.

Such are the facts. The prospects, let us imagine, are bright enough if common sense business is applied to the orchestra.

AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



MUSIQUE DE CHAMBRE ET MUSIQUE  
D'ÉGLISE EN MONTRÉAL

By ARTHUR LAURENDEAU

## MUSIQUE DE CHAMBRE ET MUSIQUE D'ÉGLISE EN MONTRÉAL

**L**A musique de chambre à Montréal n'offre que peu de matière à la glose du critique, car elle y est presque inexistante. Nos goûts bruyants la tiennent en exil perpétuel. La plupart des tentatives ont échoué dans ce domaine de l'art. Il est entendu que nous manquons, d'un public éclairé et ouvert à cette suprême manifestation musicale. Les études sérieuses font complètement défaut. La connaissance du piano est le seul luxe qu'on se permette en la question. Une mode grotesque et qui sévit en permanence, oblige tout bon bourgeois à recourir pour ses enfants aux conseils d'un maître de clavecin.

L'ambiance américaine dissout vite les tempéraments moins bien trempés et les avilit dans le "ragtime" et le vaudeville. Partout et sans cesse, sur la rue, dans les théâtres, aux vues animées, rythmés aux pas d'une danseuse encanaillée, beuglés par des voix de charcutier, les refrains obsédants, aux syncopes sacrilèges entrent dans la vie du peuple, pénètrent partout jusque dans les familles où l'on croirait trouver une certaine culture spirituelle : de sorte qu'à la fin ; les notions du beau et du laid finissent par se confondre, et qu'on ne sait plus discerner une seule idée de bonne esthétique.

D'autre part, nous subissons une telle ère de progrès que la richesse est devenue le seul but de nos préoccupa-



## CHAMBER AND CHURCH MUSIC IN MONTREAL

**I**N dealing with the subject of chamber music in the city of Montreal, the critic finds very little material, since this branch of musical art might almost be put down as non-existent. Our prevalent taste for the noisy keeps it in perpetual exile from us, and most efforts in this line have led to dismal failure. There is no doubt that what we lack is an educated public, open to this highest manifestation of music. But there is a complete absence of serious study of this kind. The only luxury indulged in is the knowledge of piano playing—a grotesque sort of fashion that has become the permanent rage, obliging every good citizen to consult a piano teacher for his children.

American surroundings soon do away with temperaments of less solid build, and hand them over to the profanities of rag-time and vaudeville shows. Everywhere and incessantly, on the street, in the theatres, in the moving picture shows, marking the rhythm to the steps of some dancing soubrette, yelled in chorus by voices of butcher calibre, these obsessing refrains, with their blasphemous syncopations, enter into the people's lives, and penetrate everywhere, even into families, where one would expect to find a certain degree of spiritual culture: so that, finally, the ideas of "beautiful" and of "ugly" are confused, and no more healthy æsthetic conception can be achieved.

tions, et dans la mêlée ardente où s'entrechoquent les intérêts matériels, les plus belles activités échappent aux emprises de l'art. L'opéra qui accapare l'attention des mieux disposés, fait passer de grosses médiocrités quelquefois sous une étiquette fallacieuse, grâce à l'action dramatique et aux talents des interprètes.

Nous nous louons donc de pouvoir applaudir, malgré tout, le quatuor Dubois, la seule association où l'on fasse de la vraie bonne besogne. Là, nous sommes sûrs de nous abreuver à une source de beauté pure ; là est notre véritable asile contre le vacarme qui domine dans toutes nos démonstrations artistiques. L'œuvre de Messieurs Chamberland, Dansereau, Schneider et Dubois, répond à un besoin croissant qui se fera sentir de plus en plus, si nous voulons évoluer et croître en civilisation. Leur dévouement incontestable s'exerce à donner aux exécutions une terme irréprochable ; et dans un genre qui demande à des solistes un grand oubli de soi, ils sont excellents d'abnegation et de discrétion. Leur éclectisme intelligent sait nous faire goûter, par un contraste savoureux, depuis le quatuor archaïque et désuet de Haydn, plastique et architectural, jusqu'à celui de Cesar Franck et de M. Debussy, où toutes les ressources de l'harmonie et de la polyphonie modernes s'opposent si violemment aux premiers qu'ils ne paraissent avoir de commun que les sept notes de la gamme.

Quel renouvellement dans la forme et dans le fond, dans la technique et dans l'idée intérieure ! Les progrès de la musique y sont tellement marques qu'ils font éclater le vieux moule traditionnel. De scientifique de géométrie pour ainsi dire qu'il était au début, incapable d'exprimer autre chose que le badinage de l'esprit dans un enchaînement mathématique, le quatuor, en passant par Beethoven, s'est élargi dans son idéal en pénétrant au centre même de

On the other hand, we are going through such an epoch of progress that the acquisition of riches has become the sole end of our preoccupations, and in the hot mix-up where material interests clash with one another, the finest activities are lost for artistic enterprises. The opera which absorbs the attention of those who are best disposed, permits, sometimes, some very mediocre talent to slip through under a misleading classification, on the strength of "dramatic action" and "interpretative capacity."

We, therefore, congratulate ourselves on being able to applaud, in spite of all that, the *Dubois* quartet, the only association where true, good work is done. There, we are sure to drink from a source of pure beauty; there is our true refuge from the noise that predominates in all our other artistic presentations. The work of Mess. *Chamberland*, *Dansereau*, *Schneider*, and *Dubois* answers a growing need which will be felt more and more if we wish to develop and grow in civilization. Their undeniable devotion exerts itself in giving their performances a faultless character; and in a branch of art that demands from the soloists a great power of self-forgetting, they show excellent self-denial and discretion. Their intelligent eclecticism gives us a taste (by charming contrast) of the archaic and obsolete, but plastic and architectural, quartet of *Haydn*, as well as of those by *Cesar Franck* and *Debussy*, where all the resources of modern harmony and polyphony form such a contrast with the ancient style, that the only thing in common, as it seems to us, are the seven notes of the scale.

What an innovation in form and in contents, in the technique and in the inner idea! Musical progress is here so marked that it breaks asunder the old traditional frame. From the scientific, one might say "geometrical," construction which it presented at first, incapable of

la vie de l'âme, en insufflant à une matière trop froide et trop compassée, une chaleur d'expression pleine et intense. Les éléments musicaux qui n'avaient servi qu'aux jeux superficiels de l'esprit et ne cherchaient qu'à être agréables, vont désormais s'ennoblir et s'élever jusqu'à comprendre l'homme totalement, dans tout ce qui constitue sa physiologie psychologique. Tant de choses sont dans la musique d'aujourd'hui que les artistes d'autrefois n'auraient pu trouver ! On voit tout de suite de quelle souplesse sont obligés de faire preuve ceux qui tentent d'interpréter de telles œuvres. Nous comptons bien que le quatuor Dubois pourra se soutenir et qu'il servira à nous pousser dans la voie de l'effort et du travail.

Notre musique d'église mériterait un chapitre développé sur ses besoins et ses défauts que je me vois forcé de réduire à quelques remarques. Elle n'est pas toujours ce qu'elle devrait être évidemment ; mais comme elle peut se passer de la faveur du public et qu'elle habite dans une sphère d'indépendance que ne connaissent pas le concert et l'opéra, elle peut devenir sous l'influence d'un musicien consciencieux une puissance effective, dévouée à la bonne musique. En fait et depuis la réforme de ces dernières années, il y a amélioration considérable. On oublie moins souvent de quoi la prière et l'amour doivent être faits quand ils s'adressent à Dieu et combien l'élément trop humain, l'accent trop individuel, doivent en être bannis. On sait mieux distinguer l'émotion religieuse de la sensation ; on saisit mieux que pour donner des ailes à nos impressions, il faut pacifier les sens, les apaiser de sérénité et non pas les enivrer ni les appesantir.

Franchir la distance qui sépare un Fauconnier ou un Riga d'un Palestrina, n'est pas l'affaire d'un jour : mais nous répétons qu'il y a progrès sensible. On se préoccupe davantage de sérieux, de convenance et de respect. Les



expressing anything else but a certain playfulness of the mind in a mathematical enchainment, the quartet, in passing through *Beethoven's* hands, enlarged itself in its ideal and penetrated to the very centre of soul life, infusing a warmth of full and intense expression into a cold and circumscribed material. The musical elements that hitherto only served the purpose of superficial mental play and aimed at pleasure only, are, from now on, ennobled and uplifted until they comprehend man in his totality, in all that constitutes his psychological physiognomy. There are so many things in modern music that the artists of days gone by could never have invented! One readily sees what suppleness must be shown by those who endeavour to interpret works of this kind. We hope that the *Dubois* quartet will be able to hold its own, and that it may help to push us in the way of effort and of work.

Our church music deserves a lengthy chapter concerning its needs and its shortcomings, which I am, however, compelled to confine to a few remarks. Evidently, it is not always what it should be; but since it need not cater for public favour, and since its domicile is an independent sphere, unknown to concert and opera, it may, under the influence of a conscientious musician, become a powerful force, devoted to good music. As a matter of fact, and especially since the reforms of recent years, there is considerable improvement. One forgets less frequently what aspect prayer and love should take when addressed to God, and how the too human element, the too individual accent, should be banished. One understands better to distinguish religious emotion from mere sensation; and that, in order to give wings to our impressions, the senses should be pacified in calm serenity, and neither excited nor crushed.

To bridge over the distance between a *Fauconnier* or a

flonflous et les romances deviennent plus rares. Le mouvement tend peu à peu à se généraliser. Ceux qui donnent l'exemple d'ailleurs sont bien décidés à ne plus revenir aux intempérances d'autrefois.

Je ne puis terminer sans dire un mot de nos compositeurs. Ceux qui ont quelque talent ne nous en donneront jamais toute la mesure. L'échange d'idées est nul ; la suggestion du milieu fait complètement défaut. Ils sont forcés de se suffire à eux-mêmes. Les uns ont peur du ridicule ; les autres se méfient ; à tous il manque l'enthousiasme de la création qui au moment où l'on en est possédé, rend indifférent à toute considération extérieure. Il n'y a pas une seule production vraiment remarquable, et tant que nous n'aurons pas atteint la maturité, tant que durera cette époque transitoire où le pays ne cherche que la grandeur matérielle, nos compositeurs ne connaîtront jamais les coups de fouet de l'opinion et ne se mêleront pas à la vie nationale. Espérons que les Gouvernements seront plus conscients de leur devoir et qu'ils donneront à nos musiciens de quoi devenir fiers et glorieux de leur art.

ARTHUR LAURENDEAU



*Riga* and a *Palestrina*, cannot be done in one day, but, we repeat, there is notable progress. More stress is laid on the serious, the appropriate and the respectful. The flowery and romanesque style becomes rarer, and this movement has the tendency to become more and more general. Those who lead in the example, are determined never to return to the extravagancies of yore.

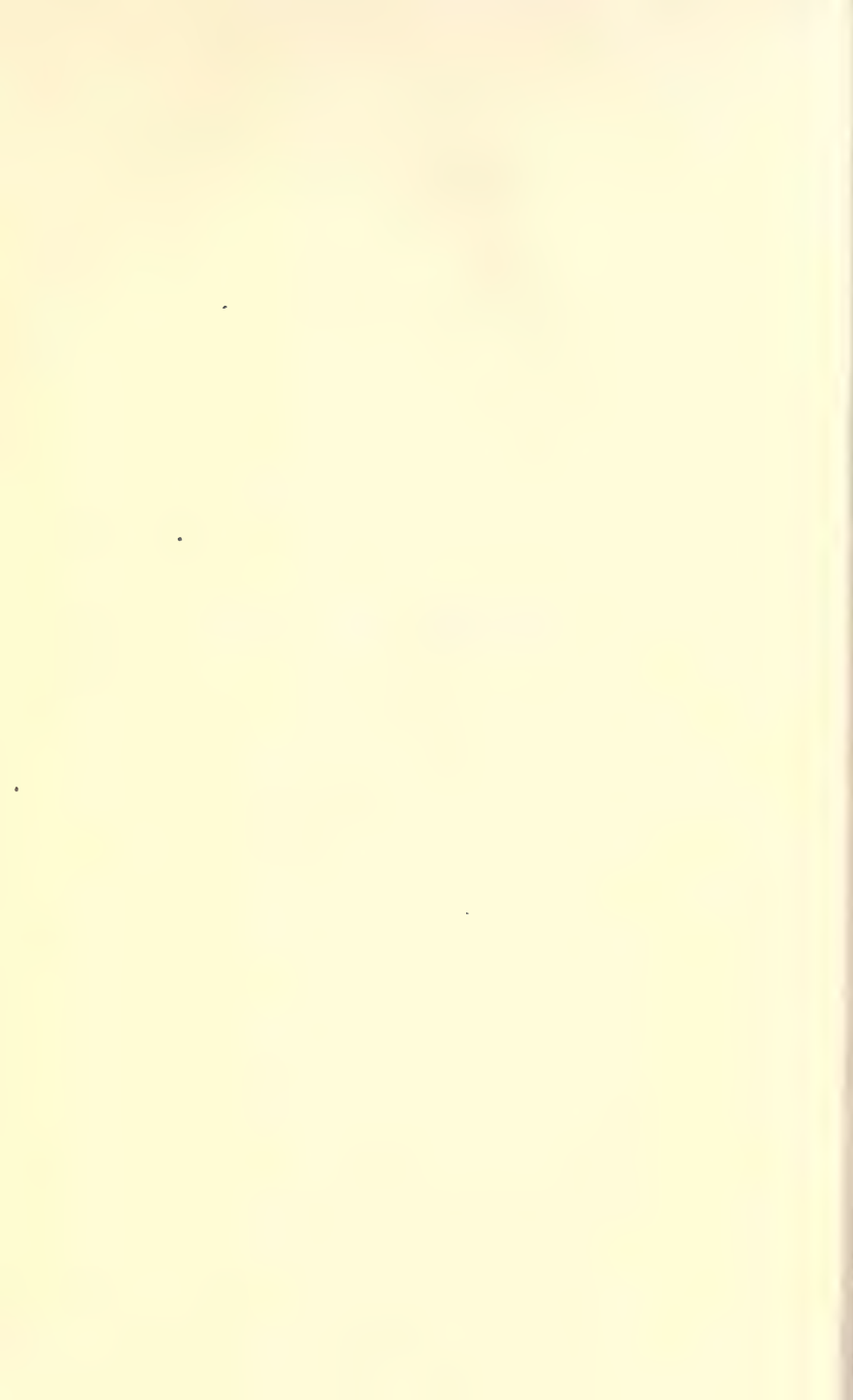
I cannot close without a few words about our composers. The talented ones will never give us their full measure. There is no exchange of ideas; the suggestions on the part of surroundings is completely lacking. They are compelled to "suffice unto themselves." Some are afraid of seeming ridiculous; others distrust themselves. All lack that creative enthusiasm that, in the moment of inspiration, renders one indifferent to outward considerations. There is not one really remarkable production, and as long as we have not attained our maturity, as long as this transitory epoch will last where the country only seeks material greatness, our composers will never know the stimulus of public opinion, and will not form an integral part of national life. Let us hope that the governments will be more conscientious in their duty, and that they will give our musicians an incentive to become proud of and glorious in their art.

ARTHUR LAURENDEAU



# MUSIC IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

By J. D. A. TRIPP



## MUSIC IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

**T**HAT such an advanced stage has been reached in the development of music in British Columbia is a source of wonder to almost every new-comer who arrives at the station or wharves, expecting, perhaps, to be met by a "grizzly" or some other denizen of the forest, out of which the greatest of British Columbia cities has been cut within the last twenty years.

It is true that we have no symphony orchestras, but there is here more material for them than in any city of the same size in Canada, if not in America, and it only requires cohesion on the part of the members of the profession to make music stand out as an important factor in the great throbbing Western life.

Large numbers of chorus singers are here from the older lands; and in Victoria, Vancouver, Nanaimo, and North Vancouver there are organizations for the study of oratorios and part-songs.

The Victoria Choral Society, under the direction of Gideon Hicks, gave some excellent concerts last season; among the soloists were Mrs Walter Coulthard, soprano, and Miss Ethel Lawson, violinist. The Arion Club, another fine organization in Victoria, composed entirely of men's voices, gave its regular series of concerts, under the direction of Howard Russell.

The Vancouver Musical Society, under Mr Geo. P. Hick's direction, produced Sullivan's "Festival" Te Deum, with Mrs Coulthard as soloist; violin solos were

also given by Miss Grace Hastings. The Vancouver Vocal Society, under my own direction, gave a private concert, the programme of which consisted principally of part-songs. The assisting soloists were Miss Della Johnston and Miss Eva M'Donald, pianists, Miss Louise Hassell, mezzo-contralto, and Miss Sadie Fraser, soprano. George Taggart's Triple Choir gave two concerts. At the first, the offering was "The Messiah," with Miss Olive Clare, soprano, Mrs Chambers, contralto, Reynolds, tenor, and Taggart, bass. Their second appearance was in a programme of part-songs.

The Nanaimo Choral Society, under the direction of F. W. Dyke, one of the most enthusiastic amateurs, gave a most creditable performance of "The Messiah."

In North Vancouver, the Lynn Valley Festival Choir, under the leadership of A. Earle Waghorne, has been active in keeping alive the interest in music, and is the nucleus of the Lynn Valley Festival Competition, which takes place this season on August 19th and 20th.

Some of the church choirs, augmented for special occasions, have given with much credit complete works. That of Christ Church, Frederick Chubb, organist, produced Stainer's "Crucifixion" and Lee Williams' "Bethany"; St Andrews' Choir, Mr Bewell, organist, gave Haydn's "Creation," with Mrs Bewell, Mrs Chambers, Mr Newton (Spokane), and Mr Evans (Portland), as soloists; T. Bonne Miller and his choir, at the First Baptist Church, gave Saint-Saëns' Christmas Oratorio; and Leslie Bridgman's choir, at Mount Pleasant Methodist Church, produced Maunder's "Penitence, Pardon and Peace."

Frederick Chubb's twenty twilight organ-recitals, a series of chamber music concerts by a trio composed of Miss Margaret M'Craney, Miss Scruby, and Miss Pratt; violin recitals by Charles Holroyd Paull and Jasper Sutcliffe,



who was assisted by Miss Cordelia Grills, soprano ; and a joint vocal and piano recital by Heber Nasmith and myself, have been among the local events of interest.

Our cities are all well equipped with teachers in every branch of the art, and almost every day brings a new arrival who has been attracted to the land of the mountain, the sea, the river, and the plain, with its wonderful climate and fertile soil. Never a week passes that I do not have inquiries from musicians in Germany, or some part of the British Empire, as to the possibilities.

The programmes given by pupils of the teachers in piano, voice, violin, and organ will compare with any American city regardless of size, and every teacher seems to have a large class. Within the last few weeks I have attended pupils' concerts, the programmes of which included for the piano such numbers as Chopin, Greig, and Tchaikowsky Concertos ; for the voice, arias by Saint-Saens and Gounod, and songs by a great variety of composers from Bach to Cadman ; for the violin, selections from Bach, De Beriot, Vieuxtemps, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Elgar, etc.

Quite recently Vancouver was visited by a fire which left one house standing. There was no railroad to bring the great artists from whom we now have visits, and so, for many years, music had to be kept alive by a few enthusiastic amateurs, who worked as best they could, before so many other forms of entertainment had found their way, and before there was the population to support them.

All the British Columbia towns are to-day known among concert and theatrical agents as being among the best on their circuits, owing to the fact that so many of the residents are musically-cultivated people from the old country. What the artist misses most is the atmosphere

to which he has been accustomed. This, of course, in a few years will be remedied, when the large Conservatory, for which a charter has been granted, is properly organized, and the eminent teachers who compose its staff unite in a common interest.

Those who have lived in more than one Canadian city cannot help making comparisons when they remember the time within the last twenty-five years in which our largest centres were only favoured by a visiting orchestra of perhaps forty pieces, once in several seasons, and when the really first-class concerts were few and far between. Among the artists who have appeared in British Columbia during the last season the names of Gadski, Nordica, Lhevinne, Nielsen, Elman, Ysaye, Ganz, Riccardo Martin, Rider-Kelsey, Cunningham, and Hartmann stand out prominently.

In Vancouver, as in Victoria, the Women's Musical Club holds regular meetings, and maintains interest among the many talented amateurs of the community, who take this means of keeping up their work.

The military bands attract thousands to Stanley Park and English Bay beach in the evenings and on Sunday afternoons, playing varied programmes of a good standard of composition.

On the whole, music in British Columbia is flourishing, and will continue to flourish, and with the completion of three new lines of railway, all the cities and towns which are growing rapidly will be able to furnish attractions of the very highest class.

J. D. A. TRIPP

CHAMBER MUSIC IN TORONTO

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



## CHAMBER MUSIC IN TORONTO

**S**TRING quartette and trio playing is less than ten years old in this country outside of Montreal, where, owing to the native affinity of the French temperament for that sort of music, it flourished earlier. Yet the art has advanced more in Toronto than in any other city, partly as a reflex of general development, partly in sympathy with the orchestra organization, and somewhat owing to the invasion of new talent.

Historically chamber music in Toronto dates back in a casual way to Herr Klingensfeldt, Herr Ruth and Signor Dinelli, who fifteen or twenty years ago used to meet and play largely for their own pleasure and give a few public performances. But with the departure of these artists one by one for other fields, little was done until six or seven years ago, when the premier permanent corps, the Toronto String Quartette, came together and began a series of programmes, which, without intermission, year by year, and with no change in the personnel, they have kept up ever since.

First violin and leader, Frank Blachford, concertmeister of the Symphony Orchestra; second, Roland Roberts, conductor of the Mississauga Horse Band; viola, Frank Converse Smith; cello, Dr Fred Nicolai: these four have introduced Toronto music fanciers to many choice works and big programmes from Haydn and Mozart down to the present day. They have done more than any other similar organization in Canada to give this branch of

music a permanent recognized place in the repertoire of musical people. They have always chosen good works and never anything out of their own reach ; though they have played the biggest chamber things of Dvorak, Arensky, and Tchaikowsky, along with the choicest things of Haydn and Mozart. They have also played a number of Beethoven's works. By judicious repetition they have made their clientele tolerably familiar with these works. By careful selection of novelities they have led up to the performance of standard things from Debussy, Hugo Wolf and other ultra-modern composers.

At the same time the Toronto corps have perfected themselves in the art of *ensemble* playing. In the careful subordination of solo instruments, the building up of climaxes, the refinement of nuances, the painting of tone colour, and the evolution of rhythmical devices, they have taken for their models the best work done by such famous organizations as the Kneisels and the Flonzaley Quartette. Perfection in this kind of *ensemble* work is the work of years. The Toronto players are a long way from absolute perfection ; they are almost as far from the hopeful but ambitious attempts of the first season or two when it seemed a matter of doubt if enough finesse in the players could be developed to hold and to augment the interest of a growing clientele.

They now have a following peculiarly their own ; as elect and discriminating an audience as can be found in Canada. They have always made the prices reasonable and by good management have kept track of their clients' needs, tastes, and preferences. They have learned the art of judicious but not showy advertisement. There is no longer any doubt that they have done a large part in the development of appreciation for chamber music, and that they have still a large work to do in that direction.



Second in point of time came the Brahms Trio, which for a season or two did excellent work under direction of Richard Tattersall. That was afterwards disbanded and followed by the Hambourg Trio, with Messrs Jan Hambourg, first violin and leader; Paul Hahn cello, and Richard Tattersall at the piano. The following season this was superseded by the permanent Hambourg organization, substituting Mr Boris Hambourg at the cello and Miss Grace Smith at the piano.

This introduces the Hambourg family, who surely have done much to stimulate Toronto and the country at large to an interest in the very best music obtainable in instrumental form. It is but three years since Professor Michael Hambourg came here with his two sons with the intention of teaching music more or less permanently. The first season was marked publicly by some solo recital appearances of Jan Hambourg, who proved himself to be a master of expression. Next season, with the permanent settlement in Toronto of Boris the cellist, the two boys, with the assistance of Miss Grace Smith, gave a most instructive series of historical recitals from the earliest known period of composition for string instruments until now.

This series was of remarkable interest. It gave Canadians the opportunity of hearing works but little known to America and played only by premier organizations of the kind in Europe. Last year the same aggregation with the assistance of faculty and pupil talent from their own conservatory gave a second series less historically significant, but of very great interest to all lovers of the best in Chamber music. The Hambourg Concert Society—for that is the name of the permanent corps—are announced for a series during the coming season.

At the same time the Hambourg Conservatory, which

really originated in this country from chamber music well performed, has entered a second stage of development in the purchase of a new Conservatory building, with a faculty of nearly fifty and a pupil enrolment of nearly five hundred.

The Hambourg Society has already mapped out a circuit in the province which the Toronto String Quartette began to do some seasons ago; so that smaller cities may have the opportunity of hearing from both these excellent and progressive organizations the best works of the kind available for three or four instruments. The outstanding difference between the two is that the Toronto four play with the strings exclusively, except for quintette work, when the piano is used, while the Hambourg Society gives mainly such works as call for violin, cello, and piano, with frequent excursions into works that require viola and second violin, either in single or double form.

During the past summer Boris Hambourg made a very successful art journey to London, England, where he played a series of recitals in the Bechstein and Aeolian Halls, as well as in Birmingham with Landon Ronald's orchestra. Press notices of these recitals were particularly complimentary, and Mr Hambourg was able to produce in London at least one work never before heard in that city, although played by him last season—first time in America—in the Toronto series.

AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

A. SUZOR-COTÉ, PAINTER

By C. LINTERN SIBLEY



A. SUZOR-COTÉ

## A. SUZOR-COTÉ, PAINTER

"Note this, one of the loveliest things in human nature. In the children of noble races . . . there is an intense delight in the landscape of their country as memorial; a sense in them innate, and the seal and reward of persistence in great national life."—*Ruskin*.

**T**HERE is in Canada too much of the jargon that "art knows no international boundaries." Blind acceptance of the old dictum has driven many a young Canadian artist wrong, has stifled in him the immeasurably inspiring "local awe of field and fountain" which nothing later can replace; has made of him a cosmopolitan nonentity, instead of a distinctive individuality, interpreting the dreams, the sentiment, and the feelings of his own people.

I am not decrying the value of a European training. It is a large asset to an artist who can adjust his view of it to the proper perspective. But call to mind any of our periodical exhibitions by native artists, and ask yourself how many of the artists there exhibiting have, as the representatives of a virile people and a great country, survived their European training; how many of them have lost in inspiration what they have gained in technique.

You know as well as I do that the majority of them come back with an art that speaks the language of the ateliers. They come back able to paint pretty pictures, and, of course, as perfervid disciples of the latest "school." But they have lost the fresh and seeing eye of youth.



They have lost their pride of race and that sense of the memorial in their native landscape which should be at once their greatest delight and their greatest inspiration.

During the past ten years, and, in particular, during the last five, we have been witnessing a gradual reaction against this tendency. Our own artists have begun to discover their own country and their own people. They have begun to paint Canadian scenes without Dutch atmosphere, or Spanish colour, or English skies. They have, in fact, founded a Canadian school of art—a school that interprets the beauty of their own land, and the greatness, the memories, the dreams, and the sentiments of their own people. Because they are doing that, they are, in increasing numbers, rising above mediocrity. In expressing the individuality of a country and a people, they are in the fullest and freest sense expressing their own individuality. And it is individuality that counts.

As yet it cannot be said that the Canadian School is a very numerous one. But it is showing healthy growth, and meeting with increasing encouragement.

In the front rank of its leading members is A. Suzor-Coté, a young French-Canadian who is usually looked upon as a Montrealer, although, as a matter of fact, he is a native of Arthabasca, P.Q., and still lives there.

Suzor-Coté is a sculptor as well as a painter, and his works usually form one of the leading features of the spring exhibitions in Montreal, Toronto, and Ottawa. He is generally at his best in snow scenes, but he shows remarkable versatility, and has done notable historical pictures, while his clay models of French Canadian types have, like his snow paintings, gained him an international reputation. In both branches of his art he achieved singular distinction in Paris before he came back home



for good. He won bronze and gold medals at the Exposition Universale, was elected an officer of the Academy, and for years has been an honoured exhibitor at the Salon.

Although Suzor-Coté studied in Paris at the École Nationale des Beaux Arts, under Léon Bonnat, and at the Academie Julien under Lefebvre, he imbibed but little of the style of either master, and certainly lost none of his own individuality.

He himself declares that the system of studying under a great master is usually deadening and disheartening, and says he learned far more by travel than ever he did from Bonnat or Lefebvre.

"But," I said to him one day, "don't you hold that the style of a young artist is formed by studying under a great master?" For I was surprised to find a man who was not even a little bit proud of having sat in Europe under the great masters.

"Emphatically no," he replied. "That belief has ruined many a young man of talent. You must be yourself and not another. If you are not yourself you have no reason whatever to paint or to be an artist. You must not even remember the master. You must be yourself.

"And after all, what does study under a great master amount to? It teaches you how to use paint, and that is all. You learn nothing more. The pupils are given a subject to paint. The master comes round, and says, 'That is too wide,' or 'That is too long,' or 'That is the wrong colour,' but that is all. He doesn't teach you how. The result is that the younger pupils just copy the most advanced pupil in the class. Sometimes the individuality of one shoots up—like Matisse. And then all the others copy him. They become imitators. They lose all inspiration and originality."

Now Suzor-Coté was wise enough to see all this, and strong enough to break away from it. After five years of deadening grind, he left Paris, and travelled in England, Scotland, Holland, Denmark Spain, and Italy. Always he was painting and studying landscapes and people and architecture—and the great masters shown in such prodigality of wealth in the public galleries of Europe. But there was no copying of the great masters—for here again he perceived a pitfall.

"I think it is pitiful," he says, "to see the many thousands who waste their time and their talents in the deadening work of copying men greater than they."

Travel Suzor-Coté holds to be the great educator, but life could not be all travel. The time came when he wanted to settle down seriously to work. In Paris, in Spain, in Italy, in England—wherever he went—his dream always was to get back to his native land, to live again amid the familiar scenes and the simple and lovable folk of beautiful Arthabasca. And back he came—to give his life to depicting the beauties of his native country and the character of his own people.

In Arthabasca he is re-united to his proud, fond mother and his brothers. The French Canadians are not such worshippers of the almighty dollar as some of the rest of us. For instance, for one of the boys to be a priest is accounted a singular honour. And to have a boy who is an artist or a musician—ah, what pride is theirs! Aurèle Suzor-Coté is a child of the people. His parents and brothers underwent great sacrifices in order that he might have all the advantages of study and travel abroad. And now he has come back, a finished artist, and lives with them in the little country town, and is talked about in the great world, and paints big pictures which people like so much that they will sometimes pay four figures for them.



A STREET IN ARTHABASKAVILLE

A. Suzor-Coté



Those who don't know the French Canadian people have no idea of the pride of Suzor-Coté's people in him.

And he in them. Travel has opened his eyes to what the people of his race stand for—to their genuine simplicity and sweetness of heart. He sees character, character, character everywhere. There is the *coureur de bois*, who in summer time stays at home and is policeman. There is the old fisherman, who is so wise to the ways of nature that he can look into the sky and tell how many trout he will catch to-day, and where. There is the old mocassin maker, the sinewy blacksmith, the farmer who himself has hewn a lovely farm out of the primeval forest. He loves all these characters, and their quaint philosophies.

Nothing enthuses him like his own ancestral country and the old customs of his race—now, alas, falling, many of them, into disuse. At this writing he is engaged in painting a huge picture depicting one of these old customs—the blessing of the maple sugar bush. It used to be the custom when the last snow was disappearing for the *curé* to head a ceremonial procession round the woods where the sugar maples grew, sprinkling the trees on the way with holy water, reciting liturgies, and praying that there might be a good crop of sugar and syrup.

“People nowadays call that superstition,” says Suzor-Coté. “But there is something big in the idea. It links up daily work with the divine; it is a recognition of a Power that is greater than man; a recognition of the Source of All. Such a ceremony is ennobling and reverential. It is big, and it makes me *feel*. And when I feel, then I can paint. That is the great thing—to have feeling. And always when I am in my own country, and among my own people, I have feeling and inspiration.”

And now can you see why it is that in every exhibition we have had of late years in Canada, Suzor-Coté's



pictures form so interesting and arresting a feature? He is true to his race and his country. By recognizing the individual, local, and racial boundaries of his inspiration, he has proclaimed, not that art knows no national boundaries, but the larger truth that art is universal. His pictures appeal to all art lovers because there is feeling in them. They appeal, not only to Canadians because they are Canadian pictures, but to Europeans because they are human documents. I know one English gentleman who possesses a snow scene by Suzor-Coté. He has never been to Canada, and had never heard of Suzor-Coté, much less seen him, before he bought this picture.

"I was walking along the streets in Paris," he told me, "and saw a wonderful little snow scene in the window of an art dealer. There was something so genuinely beautiful and so appealing in it that I immediately went in and bought it. To my mind it threw every other picture in the store in the shade—made them all look merely pretty and conventional."

It is pleasing to be able to record that this gentleman is not an exception. Years of patient endeavour are now bringing their reward to Suzor-Coté. His pictures are in demand. Commissions are plentiful. He is a busy man.

No photographs can give an adequate idea of Suzor-Coté's paintings. Alike in summer and winter scenes, his pictures are palpitating with colour and atmosphere. He will make a snow scene in the middle of winter a perfect symphony of colour, for he usually finds a bit of open water, and does wonders with the play of sunlight upon that and on the snow. And he can paint snow, too! Not wool or whitewash, but the real fleecy article.

Suzor-Coté loves to make black and white sketches of distinctive types of French Canadians, and has done





HABITANT HAULING WOOD

A. Suzor Coté



scores of them. Lately he has been devoting much attention to sculpture, either in depicting *habitants* or historical characters.

Among the more notable of Suzor-Coté's works are a pastoral exhibited in the Salon in 1898, and now belonging to Mrs L. J. Forget, of Montreal; and "Poachers near the Fire," exhibited in the Salon of 1901, and purchased by E. H. Lemay, of Montreal. The Canadian Government has acquired two of his pictures—"Return from the Fields," exhibited in the Salon of 1904, and "A Winter Landscape."

For the Virginia home of Thos. F. Ryan, millionaire, of New York, Suzor-Coté painted four large decorative panels and also a life-size portrait of Mr Ryan's mother. He has also painted a portrait of Sir Wilfrid Laurier for the Speaker of the Senate at Ottawa, and a portrait of the present Postmaster-General, the Hon. L. P. Pelletier. He has painted a series of rural scenes for Mrs Fulford, of Brockville.

Several galleries in Europe and America have examples of his work, while his first important work as a sculptor, "The Canadian Trapper," representing an old Canadian pulling a fur-laden toboggan through deep snow, has been exhibited many times at both Salons in Paris. Much of his later sculpture has been exhibited at leading exhibitions on this continent and in Europe.

But it is as a painter that he is best known and most widely appreciated. Scores of his pictures are the treasured possessions of art lovers here and elsewhere.

Suzor-Coté is forty-three years of age. Vigorous in physique, and crammed to the brim with energy and enthusiasm, he seems to be just entering upon the greatest and most creative period of his career.

C. LINTERN SIBLEY



THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF  
CANADA

By ERIC BROWNE  
DIRECTOR



A CORNER IN THE CANADIAN NATIONAL GALLERY



## THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA

**T**O begin at the beginning. The National Gallery of Canada came into being in the year 1880, when the Marquis of Lorne, the then Governor-General, and H.R.H. The Princess Louise, greatly interested in art and anxious to centralize the still somewhat sporadic efforts of the Canadian painters under an institution as nearly as possible akin to the English National Gallery, established the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, and gave as one of its aims the establishment of a National Gallery at the seat of Government.

So the National Gallery began with the deposited diploma pictures of the Royal Canadian Academy, growing slowly by means of gifts, such as the Millais portrait of the Marquis of Lorne; the Time, Death and Judgment by Watts; and the Study of a Head by Lord Leighton; by presentations from the Royal Canadian Academy and others; and by occasional purchases by parliamentarians sufficiently interested in its welfare to demonstrate their personal taste in art.

An art was being born in the country but the National Gallery knew it not, and it knew not the National Gallery. At last, however, in 1907 a new era came into being. Unable to suffer any longer the pestering of interested parties, the Government appointed an Advisory Arts Council, who should, with some knowledge and leisure, deal with the ever-increasing number of applica-

tions for the purchase of undoubted Rembrants and Reynolds; who should spend the annual Government appropriations, and who should, as soon as possible, transfer the National Gallery to new and more spacious quarters in the Victoria Memorial Museum, where its growth might continue under more healthful conditions until such a time as increasing possessions and public interest should demand the building of a permanent National Gallery. This was done, and now, in the year of grace 1913, the galleries in the Victoria Museum are greatly overcrowded, and public and artistic interest are demanding that a National Gallery be built, which will be a worthy monument to one of the greatest influences for good a country can possess.

Recently a great expropriation of property has been made along the river cliff to the west of the existing Parliament buildings, and plans are being prepared for laying it out with departmental buildings, and here it is hoped to secure a site for a National Gallery, which will include galleries for the use of temporary as well as permanent exhibitions, and which will be an example of the highest architectural achievement of which Canada is capable. The time is ripe, for Canada, with a greater national art than any of England's great dependencies, lags behind some others in this respect. However, the art's "the thing with which to catch the conscience of the King," or in this case his Hon. Minister's, and a National Gallery worthy of its best traditions must result.

Now, as to the aims, intentions, hopes, and possessions of the National Gallery there is quite a lot to be said. The aims are extremely simple and as necessarily worthy—to aid the development of Canada's art and her citizens' understanding of all art by every profitable means, and to provide the necessary education for this development by

means of the best exhibition of the world's art obtainable. One still occasionally hears that only Canadian, or even largely Canadian, pictures should be bought for the National Gallery. One might equally wisely teach only Canadian history or geography in the schools. The comparisons are absolutely necessary, and since it is impossible for every one to travel, we must bring home to Canada those good and beautiful things which will serve as an inspiration to our own endeavour and an object lesson to our own education.

A suggestion has recently been made, and will surely take form, for the National Gallery to institute some presentation of prizes and medals to be awarded by a jury of foreign artists at the annual exhibitions of the Royal Canadian Academy. This would be productive of much good. It would add greater interest to the annual exhibitions of the Royal Canadian Academy, increase the stimulus to excel on the part of the painter and to possess on the part of the public, and would inevitably bring Canadian art more closely in touch with that of other countries through the members of the foreign jury, whose personnel would be changed year by year.

The premises of the National Gallery consist at present of three floors in the east wing of the Victoria Museum. The top floor contains one long picture gallery and seven small ones, while the two lower floors are subdivided into a number of halls or courts, where is displayed a not large but well chosen and arranged collection of casts. Here one can trace the development of sculpture from the wonders of Phidias and his compeers through the Hellenistic, Græco-Roman, Roman, mediæval French and Italian Renaissance to the French portraitists of the eighteenth century.

The British Halls are empty. No persuasion or power

as yet has been able to awaken the Insular mind to the necessity of creating any type collection of British sculpture, so no casts are available, and the galleries wait until some last straw of persistence or persuasion shall break the back of the British lion of conservatism. Upstairs in the picture galleries the conditions are reversed. It is space and not material that is wanted. In addition to the diploma pictures of the Royal Canadian Academy, which must be exhibited, there are at present enough pictures, drawings, etc., to furnish harmoniously about three times the space available.

The large gallery contains a range of artistic expression so catholic and so intermingled as to be possibly bewildering to the visitor at first. At present it is impossible to even group the pictures to any valuable extent; segregation is out of the question, and the hanging of new pictures without corresponding removal is a problem demanding greater and greater ingenuity and suppression of natural instincts.

It might be said that the pictures start from the beginning, for the first we should look at in a chronological survey of them would be a panel of a woman's head, in some process of encaustic or wax painting, taken from the face of a mummy in Egypt. It is a most interesting piece of work of the first century A.D., showing considerable colour, expression, and a modernity of treatment altogether surprising. From this a long stride of some fourteen hundred years would bring us to the primitive Italians, where a full-length figure of the Saviour by Cima da Conegliano, a small Madonna and a small subject picture, "The Five Senses," by Frans Floris, give at least some understanding of the pictorial ideals of those times. All are notable for their lustrous and beautiful colour, and the last is particularly interesting, showing as it does the first





THE GREEN FEATHER

Laura Knight  
The National Gallery of Canada





translation of the Italian idea into Dutch character. Frans Floris was the first Dutchman to bring the Italian tradition into Holland. The colour is marvellously preserved and pure, being obviously painted upon that hard white ground upon which the pure colours grow clearer and brighter as the ages pass.

Now we come to a new purchase and a most important one, a wonderfully beautiful presentment of Lucrezia del Fede as The Magdalen by Andrea del Sarto. At last we have an example of the great Renaissance painting of Florence, in which the exquisitely cool colour harmonies, accuracy and breadth of handling so characteristic of this master are revealed.

Then by way of the eclectic Italians—borrowers from one or from many of the great ones—who are represented by drawings, we come to Caravaggio, the first master of the great school of tenebrosi or naturalistic painters of Italy which inspired the Spanish School, and through them the Dutch and Flemish. His portait of a Cardinal is a masterly achievement, magnificent in its characterization and strength of modelling. Caravaggio's life reads like that of Cellini, and his work, sprung from purely natural genius, eclipsed that of the contemporary copyists and borrowers and opened a new era in the world of art. With a halt before a typical example of the Spanish School, "The Beggar," attributed to Gomez, the mulatto servant of Murillo, and showing the strong colouring and daring chiaroscuro inherited from Caravaggio, we come to the great Dutch and French still-life painters. Frans Snyders (Dead Swan), who alone Rubens would allow to work upon his pictures, De Heem, exquisite in his treatment of fruit and reflection-filled glass, to perhaps the peer of them all, Chardin. His rendering of the simple usages and utensils of daily life gives them a

character, individuality, and artistic quality supremely successful.

The English portrait painters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries we may study from Sir James Thornhill, master and father-in-law of Hogarth, to Sir Thomas Lawrence, and the journey will contain stopping places, with refreshment, before a most masterly head and shoulders portrait by the great Hogarth, before Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner, Beechey and Lawrence. Then we come to modernism by way of Millais, Holman Hunt, Watts, Leighton, the Barbizon School, and a magnificent blue Boudin, as fine an example as it is possible to see.

Canada is well represented and is not segregated, so that the broken colour impressionist competes with English and French painters of that ilk and figure painters and others likewise. Examples of almost every artist of note are included and reveal a development and intention both original, powerful, and to some extent at least national. Recent acquisitions include a landscape by Wyatt Eaton and "Breaking a Road" by William Cruikshank, R.C.A.

A year book, however, is essentially a record of the year's achievements, and the tale of the National Gallery would not be complete without a list of some of the more important at least of the year's purchases, both Canadian and foreign. Works by the following Canadian painters have been acquired during the year:—

Lauren Harris, J. W. Beatty, A.R.C.A., C. W. Jefferys, A.R.C.A., F. M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A., W. Cruikshank, R.C.A., C. Gagnon, A.R.C.A., J. W. Morrice, Helen M'Nicoll, J. K. Lawson, Frank Armington, Caroline Armington, J. W. Thomson, Munsey Seymour, G. Chavignaud, Wyatt Eaton, J. E. H. Macdonald, A.R.C.A., R. F. Gagen, A.R.C.A., J. W. Cotton, C. W. Simpson, H. Ivan Neilson.

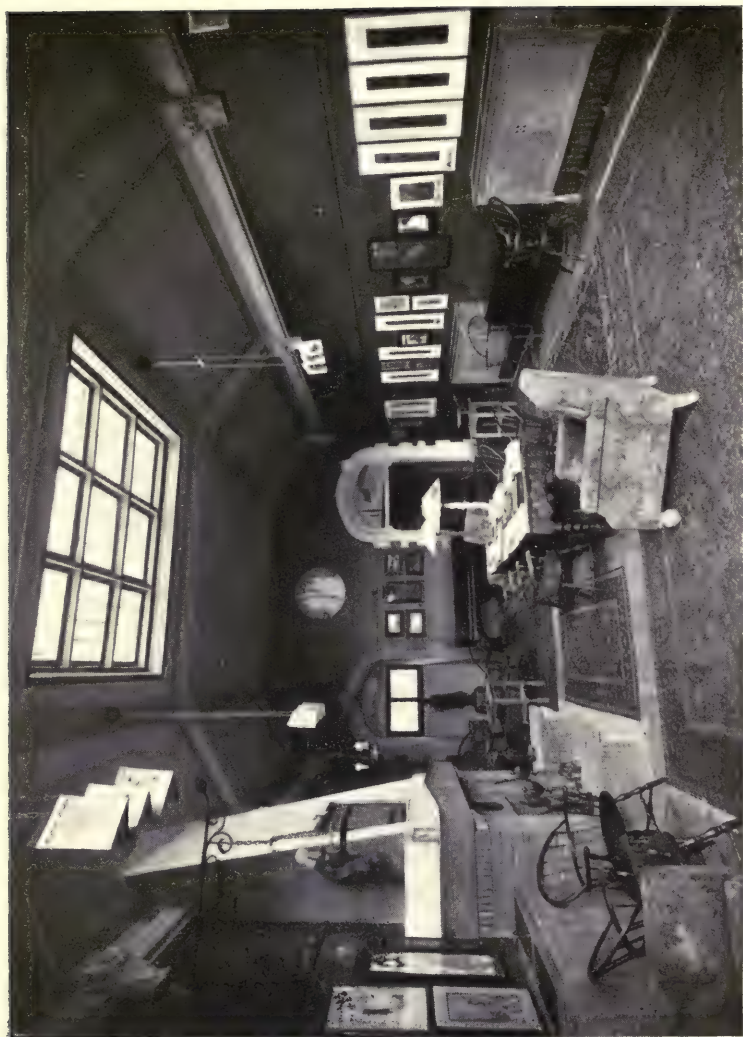
And of foreign artists:—

Sir T. Lawrence, Holman Hunt, Laura Knight, Gerard Honthorst, Frans Snyders, Frans Floris, Edwin Ellis, Cima, Andrea del Sarto, Paul Dougherty, M. A. J. Bauer, Barbizon drawings, Zorn, Brangwyn, Lee Hankey, Robert Nanteuil, and others.

Much more could be said, but space does not allow more than a passing reference to the rapidly increasing collection of etchings, drawings, and designs, or to the recently acquired group of a hundred of the best Nanteuil engravings of the great Frenchmen and women of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. They are worthy of study for their exquisite beauty and intimate characterization.

The National Gallery has had a short action life, but much has been accomplished, and with greater facilities in the shape of more room and greater freedom of management will accomplish worthily its task of fostering and advancing the national art of Canada, and of educating its people to some understanding of the world's artistic achievement.

ERIC BROWNE



THE INTERIOR OF THE MONTREAL ART CLUB

## MONTREAL ART CLUB

THE Art Club, Limited, of Montreal, was founded in 1912 by a group of artists and architects. It purchased a building at 51 Victoria Street, Montreal, which has been reconstructed and suitably furnished for Club premises. The membership is composed of those interested in Art, both professionally and as amateurs.

The Club gives monthly exhibitions, at which may be seen the best products of Canadian Art. These exhibitions are largely attended. The President is Mr W. S. Maxwell, Architect. Mr Cleveland Morgan is Secretary.





THE ONTARIO COLLEGE OF ART

By CHARLES M. MANLY



## THE ONTARIO COLLEGE OF ART

ONE step has been taken during the past year which it is hoped will contribute materially to art development in Canada. That is the opening in Toronto, under the auspices of the Provincial Government, of the Ontario College of Art. Although beginning its career as a new institution, this College is in reality the successor on a more stable and better organized basis of another art school which, after discouragement and vicissitude, closed its doors a short time previously.

The first School of Art in Toronto was instituted in the year 1875; the Hon. Adam Crooks was Minister of Education. Sufficient funds were secured by the Minister from the Ontario Government, as well as a loan of casts from the collection at the Normal School. These "sinews of war" were handed over to the Ontario Society of Artists, and art school work was begun in rented rooms at 14 King Street West, where the Society then had its own galleries. T. Mower Martin, R.C.A., was appointed director. He also taught, and was assisted by a number of artists belonging to the O.S.A.

In 1882 the school, finding itself crippled for want of room, removed to the Education Department Buildings, and the name of Dr P. May was added to the Council to give the Government more direct representation. Two years later several members of the Council, including the late L. R. O'Brien, R.C.A., resigned because they felt the Government representative exercised too large a

control, and about a year after the O.S.A. severed its connection with the art school. Eventually the Government relinquished control, and during this period, say about 1891, a lively war was in progress between the school—which had fallen into the hands of Dr J. E. White—and the Society of Artists. The school had become known as the Toronto Art School, and its classes were conducted in some upper rooms of a building on the north side of Queen Street West, near Yonge Street. The end of the Toronto Art School came in 1892, when the Ontario Society of Artists, with other interested gentlemen, obtained an Act of Incorporation from the Government for an art school, to be known as the Central Ontario School of Art and Design. Once again the school combined with the Society, at 165 King Street West. The classes then remained in affiliation with the Society until the building was taken over for other purposes two years ago. This resulted in the exit of both Society and School, the latter securing makeshift premises for part of one season at the corner of College and Yonge Streets. During the school season of 1911-12 the work was carried on at "The Grange," by arrangement with the Toronto Art Museum, and at this place the Central Ontario School of Art and Design brought its long, very uphill and poorly rewarded struggle to a close. Good work had been done against heavy odds, but the feeling had steadily grown to a certainty that something much better organized, better equipped, and better supported was badly needed, so the directors of the vanished school set out to create a new and better situation. The Ontario Government was approached, with the result that at last there has emerged, from this checkered past, a new institution, which is known as the Ontario College of Art.

It is another instance of history repeating itself. The College of Art has found a home at the old spot wherein was once housed the first Art School. The entire top floor of the Education Department Building has been given over for art school purposes. Here had hung the Provincial Art Gallery selections and the Ryerson collection of ancient pictures; all these works have been dispersed to the various Normal Schools throughout the province.

From Bulletin No. 2, 1912: Ontario Department of Education, we quote as follows:—

#### “ONTARIO COLLEGE OF ART ORGANIZATION

“The College is under the government of a Council of representatives and elected members, and was incorporated in 1912 under a special Act of the Provincial Legislative Assembly.

“The administration is under the immediate direction of a principal, who, with a staff of representative artists of high reputation and wide experience as teachers, carries out a thorough course of instruction.

“The College has five members of Council, eighteen representative members, and five elected members.

“The objects of the College are as follows:

“(a) The training of students in the Fine Arts, including Drawing, Painting, Designing, Modelling and Sculpture, and in all the branches of the Applied Arts in the more artistic trades and manufactures; and

“(b) The training of teachers in the Fine and Applied Arts.”

The courses of instruction in the College are in three divisions—The Fine Arts Course, the Applied Arts Course, and the Teachers' Course. These courses are so

arranged that they may be taken separately, or a student may pass through all three divisions.

Students may be of any age from twelve to thirty years; exception is made in the case of teachers of more advanced years. The greater number of those working in the evening classes are occupied with some allied pursuit in the daytime, or are preparing themselves for some branch of art work in which skilled drawing and sound methods are absolutely necessary; the field of Art to-day is a wide one, and many are treading its varied paths with honour and success. A number of the students now working in the College have passed in from the Old Art School and from private studios.

An interesting and important part of the contemplated expenditure of the College will be free tuition scholarships in Painting, Sculpture, and Design.

A fund is now being raised for Travel Scholarships, by citizens interested in Art, to enable the College to send several students abroad each year, for a period of six months, and thereafter to return for a year of work at the College.

The Ontario College of Art began its work on October 1, 1912. Its first season closed about the middle of May, 1913. The whole thing is so very new; we are so close to all that has been hoped for and what has been done, that there is no room for eulogies, no chance to sound the praises of the work being carried on. Under the leadership of the principal, G. A. Reid, the instructors have persisted with their work, held the attention, and increased the interest of the students. The freedom, largeness, and wholesomeness of the workrooms have been appreciated, and much really earnest work has been done. During the season, exhibitions of the students' work have been made from time to time. These





LIFE CLASS. THE ONTARIO COLLEGE OF ART



little shows have been viewed by the directors and others interested in the work of the College, and favourable opinions were expressed.

The task of whipping into shape a more thorough and progressive mode of art instruction was not an easy one, while much still remains to be done to secure a free running of the artistic wheel. To the primary work, the beginnings of art teaching, Mr Reid has devoted himself continuously, and, with some help from the other instructors, has succeeded in putting this important branch upon a sound working basis, which can be materially strengthened and improved as the college work goes on.

All teaching—that is, real teaching, based upon reason and good sense—must make it its aim to keep the students' individual feeling pure and unspoiled, to cultivate it, and bring it to perfection.

The usefulness of and real need for a well-equipped College of Art is beyond doubt. A measure of patience, a continued warmth of interest, and a liberality of support from those most interested in the College work, and from the friends of Canadian art progress generally, will assuredly make the work successful and exalt the cause of Canadian national art.

C. M. MANLY



THE GRANGE, TORONTO

## THE TORONTO MUSEUM OF ART

THE late Professor Goldwin Smith bequeathed his residence, The Grange, to the city of Toronto, as the nucleus of an Art Museum. The Grange is a colonial mansion, situated in large and well-timbered grounds near the centre of the city. It contains an unusual collection of portraits, much old and beautiful furniture, and is doubly interesting in its many literary and historic associations.

The city has recently secured additional land adjoining The Grange, for the purpose of erecting an Art Gallery, which is now in course of construction, and has also made a yearly grant of funds toward the expenses of maintenance. The new undertaking will be the work of years, but when completed will, in conjunction with The Grange, provide an unrivalled centre for the artistic interests of Toronto.





THE ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS

By FERGUS KYLE



ON THE THRESHOLD  
Florence Carlyle, O.S.A.

## THE ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS

**W**HEN we speak of a "Canadian art" and long so fervently for its advent, presumably we mean that we hope the time will come—soon—when Canadian subjects can be painted by Canadian artists in a manner to compare favourably with the work of painters in other countries. It would be good to see a bit of this fair land well expressed in pigments by an outsider—say, a member of the Glasgow School; it would be good to see a bit of anything at all well expressed by a man whom we know working in Canada. But when we are agreed—a sufficient number of us—upon the worthiness of a subject, and upon the degree of proficiency which should be demanded of the artist, then we may see the Canadian artist do a Canadian subject, and we may glory in the fact that it attracts attention wherever shown, at home or abroad. Then, after that, if our Canadian painters, because of their work or their abode in this country, should discover a better way than has been to put on paint—behold, a Canadian School!

For those who prefer the bit of Canada, by whomsoever done, there was certain encouragement in the 1913 exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists; for those who wish to see Canadian artists advance markedly in their ability to paint, there was the same satisfaction. Of the ninety-one paintings exhibited, ten at least were subjects distinctly of this country; all of these painted in wholesome, satisfying manner, and of an art quality that

among present-day paintings would ensure interest anywhere. It would seem that the hopes of the old members of the Ontario Society of Artists, those who painted away year after year, with only an occasional achievement of anything that was different from the imported things that were finding sale in the country, were about to be realized in an interesting form.

The Ontario Society of Artists has been the father and mother and indulgent old uncle of the younger painters for years. Like the pioneers of this new country, it has done the best it could with the material at hand. In recent years it has encouraged, in so far as inclusion in exhibitions can encourage, the young men to whom we must look for the art of the near future, the majority of whom are working and living by the commonplace employments available through the wide use of art in commerce. A section of the exhibitions is now open to acceptable works from these branches, and the results are beginning to show that the gulf between work of that sort and what might be called "pure art" is not impassable. A few of the coming painters have studied or are studying abroad; they are beginning to realize the differences in method required, and are bringing their knowledge and skill to the verge of independence in attacking the subjects that face them when the sketch-box is opened at home.

Two of the younger men whose work is outstanding in the recent development are excellent examples of the two classes. Lawren S. Harris studied in Germany, and came home with a naturally well-developed colour sense, educated to the point of dexterity in the handling of pigments. J. E. H. Macdonald worked at decorative commercial art in Toronto for some years before he took advantage of an opportunity to go to London for a short

time. Even there he studied very little, his time being taken up with his business. His study has been practice; outside of business hours he spent his time in painting, mostly on the outskirts of the city of Toronto, with an energy and perseverance that was very evident from a collection of several hundred small sketches recently exhibited. Yet it is Harris who paints the usual thing—the commonplace—with a zest and an appreciation that no study in Germany could give him, and forces the character, the beauty of the thing into view. Macdonald, true to his feeling for the decorative, is now rolling his cloud forms over the stern rocky ridges of the North, or boldly facing the summer glare of the lakeland.

The time is ripening, so argues this exhibition—the forty-first of the Society—when the Canadian characteristic can be appreciated by the Canadian mind; can be put into pictures by Canadian painters, and yet will have an appeal beyond Canadian connoisseurs. Of the latter, it must be said, there are not many, for the attitude of the majority of “art lovers” is very like that of the man, met with frequently in commercial art, who says, more in sorrow than in anger: “Yes, it’s good; it is well done. But—I never saw anything like that before.” Therefore he cannot use it until it comes back to him from Britain or the United States with some other firm’s trade-mark on it.

But the “something” that makes your Canadian keen for his work, that enthuses the foreigner; the something that the people who know the country look back to with deep regard—when they have made their fortunes, when they have reared their families and sent them forth to complete the nation-building—the spirit of it is being caught by the artists. C. W. Jefferys (the President of the Society) has it in his “Bright Day in Saskatchewan,” a harvest scene in the glare of light, a shadowed hill in



the distance ; as he had it in his stump-fences of a few years ago, and before that in his water-colours and drawings of the St Lawrence country. His "Prairie Trail," perhaps the better colour of the two here shown, was alive with the light of the prairies playing upon a dense mass of wildflower at the side of the road. This was the picture that won high praise last winter at the Macdowall Club in New York. E. Wyly Grier, painter of portraits, has shown it in the head and shoulders of a man, entitled, "A Canadian Type," a studious, spectacled, but weather-beaten face, iron-grey hair, a Mackinaw coat, and other garments of the out-of-doors. In J. W. Beatty's "Cloud Shadows" the dark masses play across the autumn grasses and tinted foliage of a Quebec hillside, big and strong. The water in his "Northern Ontario Rapid" comes sparkling from between very dark tree-covered banks, the distant hills lying in brightest sunshine. Herbert Palmer's "Down the Valley" gives one, with a very sure touch, the characteristics of an Ontario autumn scene, the stump-littered foreground falling away to a bit of valley woodland, brilliant in the varied hues of the autumn, and bathed in the mysterious subtle atmosphere of that season. F. H. Brigden's "Hardwood Bush" with the same success depicts the shifting sunshine-and-shadow effects of a winter scene, figures in the foreground at work on a log with a cross-cut saw. "Mowing," by T. W. Mitchell, gives one the drowsy summer, sunlit atmosphere of this province ; the old familiar scythe swings back and forth with fine realism. Arthur Lismer, whose training began in England, has realized the clear sunlight and blue sky of a northern summer in "The Clearing," a characteristic piece of farm land fringed with the forest. Tom Thomson's "Northern Lake" is remarkable for its fidelity to the northern shore ; boulders and undergrowth





THE CORNER STORE  
Lauren S. Harris, O.S.A.



in the foreground, the brown water turned to the deep blue of the sky under the fresh gale that is putting white caps on the little lake. Mary E. Wrinch depicts with great strength the turmoil of foam below a waterfall of the north, and has chosen a viewpoint—almost level with the surface above—that expresses with the utmost vigour the immense power and force of the current as it curls over the brown rocks. "Sunrise through Rime," by Lawren S. Harris, is an example of the beauty of the commonplace; a scene with an outlook through elms and across backyards and woodsheds is made into an enchanted setting for a romantic fantasy, painted with convincing realism. Harris' "Corner Store," is another everyday sight; a deep-blue sky showing through the tree-tops, a team of horses standing in the snow, a roughcast wall glowing with the crisp sunlight of winter. His "Summer Clouds" was atmospheric, filmy, floating, intensely realistic from overhead to skyline.

In J. E. H. Macdonald's "Fine Weather" there was nothing remarkable in composition; a sandy foreground with some figures, beyond that a half-mile stretch of breezy water, framed in the distance by a tree-clad shore; the rest was sky, ordinary enough, but over all the picture was colour, mood and the feeling of charity—and ozone.

From abroad came several notable pictures. A. Y. Jackson, of Montreal (who is welcomed "home"), sent four, among them a brilliant painting of Assisi, whose deep blue sky caught the eye from across the gallery. Harry Britton sent three marines from England, one of them in particular remarkable for its subtlety of colour and beautiful rendering of moonlight on water. In the foreground the waves lapping the shore are touched

dexterously on their rims with the glint of light. Floating lazily on the quiet waters lie a few small vessels, two of them jutting into plain view in the moon's reflection. Beyond them a background of hill country painted just strong enough for definition against a wonderfully luminous sky. F. M. Bell-Smith had two London pieces, "Rainy Day" and "Coronation of George V." R. F. Gagen's three sea pictures from the coast of Maine were worthy examples of this experienced painter's skill with the waves and rocks. Among John W. Cotton's etchings and aquatints were a half-dozen old country scenes, delightful in line and colour. Although the tendencies spoken of above were the remarkable feature of this year's exhibition, an undoubted advance was made in other subjects. Notable among these are Florence Carlyle's "The Story," a problem in the handling of daylight and candlelight in their play upon a costume of ruddy velvet; and "The Threshold," a figure in bridal costume pausing beside a window. In both of these there was evidence of splendid technique and the atmosphere of human interest which made them pictures, not mere studies. Gertrude Des Clayes' "Autumn" displayed gloriously tinted flesh tones, and draperies of golden and scarlet hues in a background of autumnal tints.

There were in all one hundred and forty-eight pictures, whereas in former shows the number was in the neighbourhood of two hundred. It was evident that the Hanging Committee had exercised a closer scrutiny than usual, and the whole exhibition bore a dignified appearance. It was the first time that the plan of hanging in a single line was possible. This had a curious effect that could not be missed by the spectator—that of a continuous line of flying cloud and blue sky running all around the room, with here and there an exception, which only

accentuated the rule. In the black-and-white section were etchings by Dorothy Stevens, mostly Quebec scenes; of Gyrth Russell, Halifax; and of John W. Cotton, mentioned above. These and the works of illustration were of a highly interesting character, sounding the note in their simple way that was so noticeable among the paintings.

FERGUS KYLE





THE TORONTO EXHIBITION  
OF LITTLE PICTURES

By C. W. JEFFERYS



## THE TORONTO EXHIBITION OF LITTLE PICTURES

**O**F recent years the exhibitions of the Art Societies of Canada have shown a marked tendency toward the display of large canvases and the production of what are known as gallery pictures. This is matter for congratulation in many respects, and gives evidence of a national impulse on the part of Canadian artists, and their growing realization of the seriousness and importance of their work.

But, as a consequence of this tendency, the small picture has suffered somewhat, in our exhibitions, from the more powerful attraction of the big canvas and the limited space in most of our public galleries. For some time it has been felt desirable that more opportunity should be provided for the display of pictures of a moderate size and a corresponding price; pictures less important and dominating, and of a character better fitted for the decoration of the average home than those which predominate at the regular exhibitions. The Exhibition of Little Pictures by Canadian Artists, held in the Gallery of the Toronto Public Library, was an interesting experiment in this direction. This exhibition, which was on view from February 26 to March 22, was arranged and conducted by George H. Locke, Lawren S. Harris, and Arthur Heming, assisted by J. W. Beatty, J. E. H. Macdonald, and Curtis Williamson, as an advisory committee. Forty-three leading Canadian artists

of Ontario and Quebec were represented, and two hundred and seventy-one pictures were shown. Their dimensions did not exceed thirty by thirty inches, and the prices ranged from fifteen dollars to three hundred.

For the most part, the works of each artist were hung together—an arrangement affording an individual representation to each exhibitor, without undue disturbance of a general scheme, and at the same time permitting of an artistic disposition of the group itself. In the present instance, the exhibition as a whole gave an impression of harmony and repose not usually found in a collection of small pictures. In a few cases, a somewhat too numerous inclusion gave a disproportionate weight to some groups, and resulted in an unpleasant crowding that injured the effect of the individual picture; but, in the main, the arrangement was extremely happy.

One feature this exhibition shared in common with every other recent Canadian exhibition of art: the small number of water-colours contributed. Less than a score of the pictures shown were executed in water-colour, and this, in an exhibition of works of a size and a character peculiarly adapted to this delightful medium, is a fact of some significance. Whatever be the cause, the fact remains, and it is a subject of remark at all our exhibitions, that every year sees fewer water-colours painted and fewer still exhibited. The explanations given seem inadequate. It is doubtful if the public taste has changed entirely, and water-colours are no longer "fashionable." It is equally open to question whether good water-colours suffer in juxtaposition to oils of a similar size. But, granted that this were the case, if water-colours were contributed in a sufficiently numerous proportion, it would be possible to claim and secure an entire section for them in any exhibition. It is a situa-



THE LITTLE PICTURE SHOW, TORONTO





tion to be regretted, for the special qualities, the charm and flexibility, of good water-colour are too valuable to disappear or to suffer a decline without serious injury to the art of a country.

Accepting, as features by no means peculiar to this exhibition, this preponderance of oils, the absence of the work of a few painters of note, and the inadequate representation of some others, it must be said that the collection was altogether a noteworthy achievement. The exhibition presented a high level of craftsmanship and a remarkably wide range of technique and individual temperament. This variety of personal expression and method is perhaps the most striking characteristic of Canadian art in its present stage of development. It is a sign of life and growth, and it is perhaps in little pictures such as these, direct, condensed, and spontaneous, that the most typical examples of its spirit are to be found, and the germs of its future tendencies most clearly discerned.

C. W. JEFFERYS



THE WINNIPEG ART GALLERY

By GEORGE WILSON



## THE WINNIPEG ART GALLERY

FOR many years Winnipeg has languished in comparative darkness so far as the brightening influence of art is concerned: spasmodic efforts in the realm of art occurred at various intervals, due to the sojourn of some artist or art teacher amongst us; but their individual influence was very limited and only temporary, and while each gathered a small devoted coterie during his stay, the encouragement from the general public was so slight, the fare so meagre, and the art atmosphere so chilly that they soon sought more congenial climes.

A few art lovers, however, have persisted in their endeavours to awaken a general interest in art, and have continued bringing exhibitions from time to time to this city; and this work at last blossomed out when Mr Jas. M'Diarmid moved, at a meeting of the Industrial Bureau called to consider the enlarging of the Exposition Building, that the new building include a public Art Gallery as an extra attraction. The proposal met with a favourable reception, and was well supported by the President, Mr Bulman, and others, and carried. In a few days sufficient funds were collected from the leading business and wholesale men (including a small grant given by the city) to cover all the building expense. Exactly three months afterwards the keys of the Gallery were presented to Mayor Waugh, and he formally declared the first civic Art Gallery in Canada open to the public. His Honour,

Lieut.-Governor D. C. Cameron; Homer Watson, President of the Canadian Art Club; Maurice Cullen, R.C.A., and Fred S. Challener, R.C.A., also took part in the opening ceremonies.

The first exhibition was sent us by the Royal Canadian Academy, and consisted of about 250 paintings by Canadian artists. This exhibition was open for about six weeks, and was replaced by a collection sent out by the British Colonial Association, including many well-known works by famous English artists. The British Collection was visited and enjoyed by great numbers, and created a general interest in the Gallery. It was followed by a Dutch Exhibition, and later by an exhibition of works by western Artists—supplemented by a Loan Collection garnered from city patrons and a very fine lot of original drawings in black and white and colour for book illustrations from London publishers. The last was an exceedingly interesting collection, there being some particularly good things in this branch of art. The exhibition for August, September, and October was a very complete and comprehensive collection of modern Scottish Art.

Providing continuous exhibitions for this gallery, so far away from the well-known art centres, is rather a large order for any Committee to undertake; but the fact that they have completed arrangements now for exhibitions up to June 14 shows that the Committee is thoroughly alive.

All the exhibitions have been exceedingly popular, and the attendance at all times has been most encouraging. They have done much to keep alive the popular interest in art generally. One of the notable features is the large percentage of foreigners who frequent the galleries. Attendance on some days has run as high as 3500.

Since the opening of our galleries the Committee has





A SECTION OF THE WINNIPEG ART GALLERY



been repeatedly asked about a school. Many inquiries have come from the country, and so much interest has been shown that the Committee has decided to open an Art School to supplement the educational work of the Galleries.

The Galleries are built of solid concrete and are absolutely fire-proof. The building is  $56 \times 120$  ft., divided into seven rooms, and a large entrance room and corridor. The larger room is  $25 \times 54$  ft.; four other rooms are  $24 \times 40$ , and then there are two smaller rooms and a curator's office and private room.

It has been decided to place one of the smaller rooms at the disposal of the School for "Life and Model Classes," rooms for primary antique and other classes being provided elsewhere in the Bureau building.

The Bureau insists that all Exhibitions shall be "free."

When any new activity is entered upon by the Bureau, a special Committee is at once appointed to take full charge and inaugurate a policy, reporting back to the general executive progress made. On them rests largely the success of the undertaking, and they are also expected to provide funds for expenses and maintenance.

In this case the Bureau guaranteed the Art Committee an annual sum of \$4000 from general funds. The Committee also expect to receive grants from the City and School Boards, as well as the Provincial Government. In return, teachers will have the privilege of taking courses at nominal figures, and advanced pupils of the public schools will have many advantages for supplementary study heretofore impossible under existing conditions. It is further proposed to appeal to all parties interested in the advancement of culture and æsthetic tastes in our city to take out "Founder's Memberships" in "The Winnipeg Museum of Fine Arts" at \$50 per annum for

four years. Already some forty citizens have offered to subscribe.

A life membership will also be issued at \$25 per annum for four years.

There will also be an ordinary membership at \$10 per annum.

The various funds with fees from pupils are expected to be quite ample to carry both Exhibitions and Art School for the four years, and also provide a fund for the purchase of pictures to form the nucleus of our Municipal Public Gallery.

At the expiration of four years the question of a renewal of the present lease can be discussed as against a permanent Art Gallery.

The management at present consists of a Committee : six members are appointed by the Bureau, and the balance are representatives from the various educational and artistic bodies.

GEORGE WILSON

THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY  
OF ART

BY ROY FRANKLIN FLEMING





## THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ART

A CAREFUL observer, open-minded, and appreciative of the difficulties that continually beset the artist, could not fail to differentiate the Thirty-Fourth Exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy, held in Ottawa, November 1912, from previous ones, and from contemporary ones elsewhere, and at the same time note many new developments in Canadian art, evidenced there in no uncertain manner.

One noticeable feature of the Exhibition was the fact that we have some women artists in Canada of more than high ability. For instance the painting called "The White Flower," by Miss Florence Carlyle, of a girl with a red gown, gave evidence of a vast and intimate knowledge of feminine character and a technical ability which was almost consummate. Miss Shore's "Woman in Black," perhaps too much like her great master, Henri, was strong and powerful; it said a few things, but said them well. Mrs Reid and Mrs Knowles displayed fine feeling in still life and landscape. The work of Mrs M. Burrell of Montreal in miniatures was worthy, also, of particular note. The Exhibition, too, marked the entrance into Canadian art of two sisters from London, England, the Misses Des Clayes, one a landscapist and the other a figure painter, both fanciful and superb colourists. Miss Clara S. Hagarty and Miss Mary E. Wrinch, who have regularly sent worthy contributions, were again well repre-

sented, and Miss Anderson, and many more were there; nor let us forget the Princess Patricia, whose "Towers of Ottawa, from Government House," showed that sympathy and patience which all true art demands.

Of the various portraits shown, none was more popular with visitors than E. Fosbery's full length of the Archbishop of Ottawa, in which His Grace is shown in a standing position, arrayed in his red robes and regalia of office, all rich in colouring. Another welcome portrait was that of Mr W. Cruickshank by his fellow-worker, Curtis Williamson. Robert Harris, E. Wyly Grier, Horne Russell, as well as William Cruickshank himself, all had portraits of character in which character was emphasized.

Other painters of whom we wish to speak are those who use the human figure as a vital part of the landscape or interior. But a small proportion of the pictures were from this class. George A. Reid's large decorative picture, "The Coming of the White Man," portrayed a group of Indians arrayed in feathers and paint, crouching amongst the trees on the Gulf of St Lawrence, looking out with strange foreboding on the approaching ships of the first white visitors. The whole composition was interesting in subject, and rich and harmonious in mural colouring.

The chief work of the President, William Brymner, was an historical painting entitled "Fontenac Receiving Sir William Phipps' Envoy," a difficult subject to interpret, and rendered with much grace and power.

Another of our versatile artists who possesses the fine art of relating the figure to the scene is Franklin Brownell of Ottawa. His three pictures there were small in size, and might easily have been passed by without being noticed, yet one of them was one of the most charming pictures of the three hundred of the Exhibition, "Cock





SELF PORTRAIT

Robert Harris, C.M.G., R.C.A.

Fighting at Costa Rica," one of the several pictures painted during his trip the previous summer to the West Indies.

The one strong biblical picture of the Exhibition was "The Prodigal Son" by James L. Graham, the large central picture of the west-end wall.

Edmond Dyonnet had a delightful study of feminine life, "Girl Reading."

Among the landscapes there were Homer Watson's famed trees, gnarled and knotted; there was the great, broad, light-toned prairie with the blue sage brush by Jefferys; there were the mists and fogs of twilight by McGillivray Knowles. F. M. Bell-Smith, painter of the Rockies, supplied "Victoria Glacier" and "Lake O'Hara on the Summit"—two refreshing and majestic views of our western mountains. Another mountain painter, Gagnon, has forsaken our lands and chosen the Alps for his subject. Edmund Morris, the Indian painter, supplied views of the wilds—Manitoba and New Ontario.

Other painters of snow, Maurice Cullen and Suzor-Coté, both from the Lower Province, were well represented. Coté's Athabasca scenes had the paint heaped on, giving strong reflective light of high carrying power. Cullen's "Craig Street" was masterful with its cold drifting flurries, hurrying pedestrians, teamsters and horses, and chill grey sky—it was powerful and beautiful.

J. W. Beatty's view of "Fishing Boats off the North Coast of Holland" was an able study of the turbulent sea. John Hammond struck a unique note in composition of line and mass in his "Courtney Bay." J. W. Barnsley's harbour scenes rank with his best work.

Amongst landscape artists A. Y. Jackson and A. Wilkie Kilgour of Montreal supplied canvases in fresh colouring, in their peculiar broad impressionistic style. Such pictures as "Spring Breezes," by James E. H. Macdonald, and



"Open Fields," by David Gibb of Galt, deserve special mention, as does also C. W. Simpson's "Winter Quarters." Lawren S. Harris shows distinctively in one or two of his pictures his remarkable gift of transfiguring the commonplace.

Note should be made of the water-colours. As a fascinating, elusive, subtle medium, they require a technique all their own. St Thomas Smith, an outstanding Canadian marine painter, had one of his noted storm effects, "The Stormy Pentland Firth." Manly's "Little Fires of Spring," with bluish spring mists, and Martin's "Sunrise on Lake Louise," were attractive studies from nature. Works from W. E. Atkinson, O. P. Staples, and Miss Watson's "Cloth Fair, Smithfield," should be mentioned, while "Gates of the Infinite," by Kiplin, was unique in conception and fanciful and romantic in treatment.

The sculpture exhibited was small in size, and consisted only of studies and designs. H. P. MacCarthy, A. Laliberte, L. Fosbery, and Hébert, the younger, were represented, MacCarthy showing a design for a Brock monument, and Hébert, "Life has both Thorns and Roses," a beautiful study of an Italian boy, done in Paris, and exhibited at the Salon.

In summing up the progress which the thirty-fourth exhibition marks in Canadian Art, as fostered by the Royal Canadian Academy, we may note that, with all due allowance for mistakes and shortcomings, there yet remains much of which we should be proud, and much that gives hope for the future. In subject the artists' range has been large; the human interest in art has not yet found as high a place as its importance demands; but those who treat the human figure do so with a refinement of feeling and grace. In composition, originality





A COUNTRY ROAD  
Edmond Dyonnet, R.C.A.



has been marked, and technique is honest, free, and fitting to the original subject. There is no freakish art in the Academy, no Cubists, no Futurists, and what Impressionists we have are not fanatic; we have no Cazennes, nor Leon Dabos; all our art is sane, healthy, worthy, and inspiring, and in its ranks are workers of talent and experience, who deserve a much more generous recognition than the past has yet afforded.

ROY FRANKLIN FLEMING



THE CANADIAN ART CLUB

By LAWREN S. HARRIS



MOUNTAIN HILL, QUEBEC  
J. W. Morrice



## THE CANADIAN ART CLUB

SIX years ago a group of prominent painters formed the Canadian Art Club. Some of them had been exhibiting with the Ontario Society of Arts, others had not recently exhibited in Canada. It was felt by such men as Homer Watson, Edwin Atkinson, Edmund Morris, Curtis Williamson, and others, that the purpose of art would be better served by an additional organization—one that, though not so large as the older Society, could and would have its own independent exhibition. In addition to the pictures of its members, other men's work might be hung—on invitation. Furthermore, it would give us an opportunity of seeing the paintings of men who had moved to other countries.

In all of this the Canadian Art Club has been successful. Furthermore, the secession, as it was temporarily dubbed, has been of undoubted benefit to Canadian art. It has provided the needed stimulus.

In the May Exhibit, held in Toronto, was some notably good work. Where so much was good it was difficult to get a fair perspective; but, surely, one can begin with a reference to J. W. Morrice, who sent from Paris several of his most characteristic productions. His little "Venice, Night," is alive with warmth and mystery—a sumptuous thing charged with shadowy suggestiveness. His "Beach, Pavidu," is excellent, full of control and confident balance. These are liveable pictures. Poetry and tranquillity are in them, also a certain subtle friendliness that is inviting.

Archibald Browne is decorative, and of an individuality that abides in mist and shadow. He is almost what one might call a "transient." He pursues the moods and captures the dreams of nature. "After the Shower" (Crosby Sands, near Liverpool) is an admirable study of the refraction of light. One can understand why Browne has been so successful in England—*vide* the Goupil Galleries, *et al.*—for which we offer our felicitations.

Horatio Walker sent but one picture—"Milking, Evening." It is "Walkeresque"—that is, it is big and confident, and characterized by depth and a touch of understanding, as if he himself were a part of the painting, and had merely stepped out for a moment. He seems inclined almost to a repetition of subjects, but remains a master.

Ernest Lawson, of New York, sent "The Garden" and others. His work is sane, bright, and exquisite in colour. He seems to possess all the qualities of the moderns, and yet to reflect a deal of the old masters—a rare combination, this. Then there is the other Lawson (J. Kerr), now of London, England. His "Boston" (in Lincolnshire), in which an old square-towered church looks over the fen country, is unusual in draughtmanship and felicity of colour. He is exact, almost to the point of being meticulous. But the stuff is there, and his thin pigments are as delicate as a water-colour.

Homer Watson sent some of his best work—strong, faithful paintings, such as befit the leading interpreter of Ontario pioneer life. There is a recognizable touch of austerity, which is often brother to strength. The "Passing Wind Storm" is an atmospheric translation which needs no title. The large canvas, "Evening after the Rain," is very restful and appealing with its waterwashed half-lights and sunset distance. There is always some-



THE CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK. EARLY MORNING  
Ernest Lawson



thing fine about the work of Homer Watson, and often something very big and lasting. The deeper his insight, the clearer his expression.

Suzor-Coté's pictures were full of distinction. They are treated of elsewhere. Curtis Williamson sent "A Negress." Williamson runs to low tones, and has extraordinary versatility in their handling. His work is full of strength and half-subdued fire. It is eloquent of ability and an almost arrogant mastery of technique. One regrets that there were not more "Williamsons" in the Exhibition. Maurice Cullen of Montreal is prominent with snow scenes. His "Winter Sun Glow" is a good treatment of a very difficult subject, in which he accentuates the blue in a staring snowscape.

William Brymner sent two small scenes. These are sincere and attractive; but has not Mr Brymner been too modest in his offerings? W. E. Atkinson contributed excellent work. He has, it appears, the ability to see into his subject. He appeals, tranquilly, like Morrice. His atmosphere is restful, often luminous. Edmund Morris records the transition of the disappearing Indian. His pastel, "A Cree," among others, is vital and suggestive. In years to come the western work of Morris will stand for much in our memories of the vanished red man.

Sculpture contributed not a little to the success of the Exhibition. Congratulations to Walter Allward on his Ottawa Memorial. Phimister Proctor's "Lions" is a magnificent bas-relief, worthy in every way of Proctor's standing. Lithe, sinewy animals are these lions, full of concentrated power, breathing wild life and jungle tragedies. Philippe Hébert's "Martine Messier" recalls the horrors of Iroquois raids as drawn by Parkman the historian. In this a red warrior, his axe raised to strike, springs upon a woman who, crazed with terror,



vainly mounts guard over the body of her husband—revolting figures, but compelling in every ferocious detail.

Speaking generally, one would welcome more figure work, also more Canadian subjects. The extraordinary variety offered by Canadian life has been recognized by some of our best men, and we look for a wider appreciation in this direction.

Homer Watson has been followed in the presidential chair by Horatio Walker. Edmund Morris is Secretary, as of yore.

LAWREN S. HARRIS

*Note.*—We greatly regret to record the death of Edmund Morris since the above article was written.

EDITORS



FRENCH-CANADIAN PAINTING  
AND SCULPTURE

By EDMOND DYONNET

## L'ART CHEZ LES CANADIENS-FRANÇAIS

**O**N chercherait en vain à le nier, les artistes canadiens-français sont une très petite minorité parmi leurs confrères d'origine anglaise. Sur 75 membres dont se compose l'Académie Royale des Arts du Canada, 8 seulement sont de langue française.

Voilà de quoi nous faire réfléchir. Je ne puis rechercher les raisons de cette anomalie sans être entraîné au delà de l'espace qui m'est accordé.

Il y a vingt ou vingt-cinq ans, Paris comptait toute une colonie de jeunes peintres canadiens-français. Combien en reste-t-il sur la brèche ? Combien ont abandonné l'art lorsqu'ils se sont aperçus que l'art ne nourrissait pas son homme ? Mais quelques-uns sont restés. Ceux qui avaient le feu sacré, ceux qui suivaient une vraie vocation, ceux que le spectre noir de la misère n'effraie pas.

Elle est petite la phalange, mais elle fait parler d'elle. Faut-il citer des noms ? Est-ce que tout le monde (je veux dire tous ceux que l'art intéresse) ne les connaît pas ? Nos expositions annuelles sont là pour proclamer bien haut que si le nombre des artistes canadiens-français est restreint, ils ont leur bonne part de succès. Personne, d'ailleurs, ne songe à la leur marchander.

Un fait est remarquable et vaut bien la peine qu'on s'y arrête. Quelques soient les divergences d'opinion et d'école, quelques soient les tendances et les préjugés, tout tombe et s'écroule devant une véritable œuvre d'art.

## FRENCH-CANADIAN PAINTING AND SCULPTURE

**I**T would be useless to attempt to deny that French-Canadian artists are in a very small minority as compared to their English fellows. Of the seventy-five members of the Royal Canadian Academy, only eight are French-speaking.

This is enough to make us reflect. I cannot go into the reasons for this anomalous condition without exceeding the space which has been given me.

Twenty or twenty-five years ago Paris had a whole colony of young French-Canadian painters. How many are still left in the breach? How many have abandoned art when they saw that a man could not live by it? But a few are still left—those who had the sacred fire, those who followed a true vocation, those whom the black shadow of misery did not frighten.

The phalanx is very small, but it makes itself talked about. Is it necessary to give names? Does not the whole world (I mean those interested in art) know them? Our annual exhibitions are there to proclaim, that even if the number of French-Canadian artists is very small, they have their good share of success. And nobody is likely to begrudge it to them.

One fact is very remarkable, and well worth the trouble of our stopping to consider it. Whatever are the differences of opinion and of school, whatever may be the tendencies and prejudices, everything falls and

Qu'importe la langue que l'on parle si l'œuvre elle-même parle la langue que tout le monde comprend, celle qui s'adresse au cœur, celle qui émeut. L'émotion, voilà la pierre de touche du véritable artiste, voilà ce qu'il doit ressentir et communiquer.

Dans un pays comme le Canada, où les conditions économiques sont telles que peu de gens ont assez de loisirs pour s'apercevoir qu'à côté de la vie matérielle, il y a des jouissances supérieures, intellectuelles, le développement de l'art devait être tardif et lent. Former le goût d'un peuple n'est pas le fait de quelques années; il a fallu des siècles pour que l'Europe soit ce qu'elle est aujourd'hui, et que des milliers d'artistes travaillent à dégager les formules du beau.

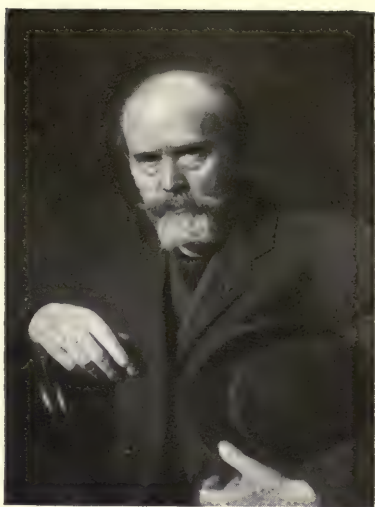
Nous sommes ici à nos débuts. Les hommes que l'histoire nommera les pionniers de l'art au Canada sont encore vivants. Notre vie artistique date d'hier et déjà sur nos places publiques nous voyons s'élever des monuments de bronze et de granit, perpétuant la mémoire des grands faits de notre histoire.

Il n'a pas été nécessaire de sortir du pays pour trouver l'homme qui sut pétrir la glaise et manier le ciseau du sculpteur. L'auteur des beaux monuments de Maison-neuve, de Crémazie, de Mgr. Bourget, de Mademoiselle de Verchères et des groupes du Parlement de Québec, Philippe Hébert est canadien-français. Infatigable travailleur, il n'est pas près d'abandonner la tâche et prépare en ce moment une œuvre grandiose à la mémoire du roi Edouard VII., pour un des squares de Montréal.

Fils de ses œuvres, ayant acquis la notoriété à force de talent, il a pris à tâche de faire revivre le passé de notre colonie. Ses nombreuses statuettes inspirées des événements importants du régime français nous montrent le



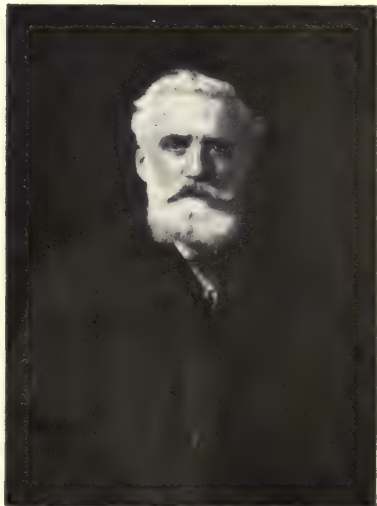
CLARENCE A. GAGNON, A.R.C.A.



PHILIPPE HÉBERT, C.M.G., R.C.A.



HENRI JULIEN



CHARLES HUOT





vanishes before a genuine work of art. What matter what language one speaks, if the work itself speaks a language which all the world can understand, that which is addressed to the heart, that which moves? Emotion, that is the touchstone of the true artist, that is what he must feel and communicate.

In a country like Canada, where the economic conditions are such that few people have leisure enough to discover that besides a mere material life there are joys superior and intellectual, the development of art is bound to be slow and gradual. To form the taste of a people is not the work of a few years; it required centuries to make Europe what she is to-day, and thousands of artists worked to discover the principles of beauty.

Here we are in the beginning. The men whom history will name as the pioneers of Canadian art are still living. Our artistic life began only yesterday, and already in our public places we see monuments of bronze and granite commemorating the great events of our history.

It has not been necessary to go outside the country to find the man who knew how to shape the clay and handle the chisel of the sculptor. The author of the beautiful monuments of Maisonneuve, of Cremazie, of Mgr. Bourget, of Mademoiselle de Vercheres, and of groups of members of the Parliament of the Province of Quebec, Philippe Hébert, is a French-Canadian. An indefatigable worker, he is not yet ready to abandon the task, and at this very moment he is preparing a magnificent work in honour of King Edward VII. for one of the squares of Montreal.

The child of his works, having acquired fame by sheer force of genius, he has undertaken the task of reviving the past of our colony. His numerous statuettes, inspired by important incidents of the French regime, show us the

colon héroïque dans sa lutte contre l'Iroquois, défrichant le sol, le conquérant aussi.

Et comme si le talent était héréditaire dans sa famille, son fils Henri a aussi lui suivi la carrière. Elève de son père, ayant passé de nombreuses années à Paris, il a déjà à son actif des œuvres qui l'ont fait remarquer et lui ont valu d'être élu récemment associé de l'Académie Royale.

Un autre sculpteur canadien-français fait depuis quelques années du bruit dans le monde. Alfred Laliberté au nom sonore, parti il y a environ dix ans pour Paris. Sculpter était sa vie. Son premier envoi au Salon lui vaut une mention honorable et le gouvernement d'Ottawa fait l'acquisition de son groupe. Il a devant lui l'avenir. Des bustes pleins de vigueur l'ont mis en lumière et il vient de se signaler par un beau projet de monument à Sir George Etienne Cartier.

D'autres encore, que les succès de leurs devanciers ont poussés dans la même voie, travaillent. Un jour nous les verrons prendre place parmi ceux qui font honneur à la race. Le premier pas est fait, l'art s'est implanté au pays.

Côte à côte avec les sculpteurs, des peintres se sont formés, quelques-uns même sont venus avant eux. Théophile Hamel, Antoine Plamondon, Napoléon Bourassa ont été les précurseurs. Mais ce n'est que depuis une trentaine d'années que nous voyons surgir un groupe. Un à un les voilà qui s'expatrient. Ils vont vers l'ancienne mère-patrie chercher les leçons que leur jeune pays ne peut leur donner. Ils sont en quête de savoir. Ils vont, poussés par une mystérieuse destinée vers la France, qui leur apparaît comme le pays de leur rêve d'artistes.

L'un des premiers, Charles Huot quitta Québec pour

heroic colonist in his struggles against the Iroquois, clearing the land and conquering it as well.

And, as though the talent were hereditary in his family, his son Henri has followed the same career. The pupil of his father, having passed many years in Paris, he has already to his credit work which has made him a man of note, and led to his being elected an Associate of the Royal Academy.

Another French-Canadian sculptor has for several years been making quite a noise in the world. Alfred Laliberté is his sonorous name, and ten years ago he went to Paris. Sculpture was his whole life. The first thing he sent to the Salon won him an honourable mention, and the Government at Ottawa has bought the group. He has the future before him. Busts full of vigour have placed him in the limelight, and he has just distinguished himself by a beautiful plan for a memorial to Sir George Etienne Cartier.

Others still, urged along the same road by the success of their predecessors, are at work. Some day we shall see them take their place among those who are an honour to the race. The first step has been taken, the art has been implanted in the country.

Side by side with the sculptors, painters have been produced, and some have even preceded them. Théophile Hamel, Antoine Plamondon, and Napoléon Bourassa were the advance guard. But it is only in the last thirty years that we have seen a group arise. One by one they have become expatriates. They have gone to the old Mother-Country to get the instruction their young country could not give. They are looking for knowledge. They go, driven by a mysterious destiny, towards France, which seems to them the land of their artistic dreams.

One of the first was Charles Huot, who left Quebec for

Paris. Il y fut l'élève de Cabanel. De retour il entreprit les grandes décorations de l'Eglise St Sauveur. Rude tâche que de peindre des sujets religieux après les Italiens de la Renaissance. Les colossales dimensions de la voûte auraient effrayé tout autre. Il eut le courage de l'entreprendre et le bonheur de réussir. Aujourd'hui il est chargé par le gouvernement de Québec de peindre une très grande toile pour le Palais Législatif. Ses précédentes œuvres nous sont un sûr garant que dans celle-ci il ne faillira pas.

Peu de peintres à part Bourassa et Huot ont fait de la peinture religieuse. Les artistes d'aujourd'hui sont surtout des portraitistes et des paysagistes. Quelques-uns ont essayé la peinture d'histoire, mais le placement en est difficile et cela décourage le peintre.

Je voudrais cependant citer à ce sujet un très important tableau de A. Suzor-Coté : L'arrivée de Jacques Cartier. Mais malgré tout le plaisir que j'aurais à en louer les qualités de composition et de couleur, je m'abstiens parce que son auteur est l'objet d'une étude spéciale dans cet ouvrage même. Comme paysagiste, Coté a apporté une note personnelle à ses vues d'hiver, d'un charme de couleur qui fait presque aimer la neige.

Si la peinture d'histoire est négligée par les peintres canadiens-français, la peinture de mœurs et de genre a eu un maître. Henri Julien, que la mort a terrassé dans la force de l'âge, a été le peintre de l'*habitant*. Ses innombrables dessins, faits d'un crayon alerte et sûr, lui ont valu, de son vivant, la renommée. Par la force même du talent qu'il portait en lui, il est arrivé sans maîtres, à une perfection incroyable dans son genre. Quelles belles eaux-fortes il eût faites, s'il avait eu le temps de se servir de ce moyen. Mais les regrets sont superflus. Il a assez fait pour que son nom reste. Il lui manque cependant la







MARTINE MESSIER  
Phillippe Hébert, R.C.A.



Paris. There he was a pupil of Cabanel. On his return he undertook the great decorations of the Church of St Sauveur. It is a difficult task to paint religious subjects after the Italians of the Renaissance. The colossal proportions of the vault would have frightened anyone else. He had the courage to undertake it and the fortune to succeed. To-day he has been commissioned by the Government of Quebec to paint a great canvas for the Legislative Buildings. His former work is a guarantee that in this he will not fail.

Few painters except Bourassa and Huot have produced religious pictures. The artists of to-day are above all else painters of portraits and landscapes. A few have attempted historical painting, but the placing of such pictures is difficult, and this discourages the artist.

I would like, however, to cite in this connection a very important canvas by A. Suzor-Coté: "The Arrival of Jacques Cartier." But in spite of the pleasure it would give me to praise the high merit of his composition and colour, I abstain, because its author is the subject of a special study in this very volume. As a landscape artist Coté has brought a personal note into his winter scenes, whose beauty of colour almost makes one love the snow.

If historical painting is neglected by French Canadian painters, the depicting of local customs and genre subjects has produced a master. Henri Julien, who was vanquished by death in the full vigour of his age, was the painter of the "habitant." His countless drawings, done with a quick and sure pencil, gave him fame in his lifetime. By the force of the talent he possessed, he reached without any teaching an extraordinary skill in his special field. What superb etchings he would have made, if he had had the time to make use of this medium! But

consécration officielle, mais elle lui viendra, lorsque la Galerie Nationale d'Ottawa aura acquis son tableau "La Chasse-Galerie," que ses admirateurs s'accordant à trouver digne de figurer à côté des meilleures œuvres des autres peintres canadiens.

Un aquafortiste est chose rare chez nous. Aussi ne puis-je mentionner que Clarence A. Gagnon qui se soit acquis de la renommée dans cet art. Renommée qui nous vient de Paris, où ses débuts au Salon lui valurent une mention honorable. Excellent dessinateur, peintre habile, il semble s'être spécialisé dans le paysage, où il sait mettre un cachet de distinction tout à fait personnel.

Tourmentés du besoin de peindre, J. C. Franchère et Jos. St Charles partirent un beau jour pour Paris. Ensemble ils suivirent les cours de l'Ecole des Beaux-Arts où ils ne tardèrent pas à se faire remarquer. Tous deux ont par tempérament le goût du portrait. Depuis leur retour au Canada, ils ont peint à tour de rôle bien des sommités. Orateurs de la Chambre, juges, magistrats, citoyens éminents sont venus poser devant eux. Leurs portraits au dessin précis et à la couleur agréable et dont la ressemblance n'est pas la moindre des qualités, constituent toute une galerie intéressante de physionomies connues.

Quelques autres noms pourraient trouver leur place dans cette rapide énumération, ceux de Leduc, de Gill, de Beau, de Fabien, qui ont apporté leur vision personnelle dans d'intéressantes œuvres. Sans appartenir à aucune école, ils ont cependant des tendances bien différentes. Mais quoique l'impressionisme ait eu chez l'un d'eux une certaine influence aucun peintre canadien-français n'a heureusement encore songé à suivre dans leur folie les contempteurs de l'art qui se sont donnés pour mission de nier le Beau et de proscrire la Vérité. Cubistes ou

regrets are superfluous. He has done enough to keep his name alive. He still lacks official recognition, but it will come to him when the National Gallery at Ottawa acquires his painting, "The Chasse-Galerie," which his admirers believe worthy to rank beside the best works of other Canadian painters.

An etcher is a rare thing among us. And so I can name only Clarence A. Gagnon, who has won fame in this art. His fame comes to us from Paris, where his début at the Salon won him an honourable mention. An excellent designer and a clever painter, he seems to specialize in landscape, into which he manages to put a touch of distinction altogether his own.

Tortured by the need of painting, J. C. Franchère and Joseph St Charles left one fine day for Paris. Together they took the courses at *L'Ecole des Beaux-Arts*, where they soon made their mark. Both of them have by temperament a taste for portraiture. Since their return to Canada they have painted one after another many distinguished people. Orators of the Legislative Chamber, Judges, Magistrates, and eminent citizens have sat for them. Their portraits, exact in design and pleasant in colour, whose resemblance is not the least of their good qualities, form an interesting gallery of well-known faces.

Other names might find a place in this rapid survey, those of Leduc, Gill, Beau, and Fabien, who have expressed their personal vision in interesting works. Without belonging to any school, they have nevertheless strong individual tendencies. But although Impressionism has had a certain influence on one of them, no French-Canadian painter fortunately has dreamed of following in their folly those despisers of art who have undertaken the mission of denying beauty and proscribing truth.

futuristes peuvent passer au large. Notre pays est trop jeune pour ne pas être épris de nouveauté, mais il a assez de bon sens natif pour ne pas se laisser berner et prendre la grimace d'un singe pour le sourire d'une femme.

EDMOND DYONNET

Cubists and Futurists may go by. Our country is too young not to be attracted by novelty, but it has enough native good sense not to allow itself to be made a fool of, or to take the grin of a monkey for the smile of a woman.

EDMOND DYONNET





MONTREAL ART ASSOCIATION:  
SPRING EXHIBITION

By S. MORGAN-POWELL



## MONTREAL ART ASSOCIATION: SPRING EXHIBITION

**T**HE thirtieth Spring Exhibition of the Art Association of Montreal will be remembered as marking a distinct departure from the old routine, the old styles, the old traditions.

This year there was a great change. The exhibition of a very fine collection of pictures by some of the greatest masters of the Impressionist School a few years ago had paved the way, but few people had anticipated the introduction of so distinctive a note. Moreover, there has arisen here a group of young, gifted, and courageous painters who have ideas, and the sense to use them; technique, and the pluck to experiment with it; talent, and the knowledge that it was not given them to be suppressed by any regard for convention.

The best work of the Exhibition—and this is in itself a significant and most encouraging fact—was that done in Canada, of Canadian scenes. A. Suzor-Coté and Maurice Cullen are, in my belief, Canada's greatest landscape painters. The examples at the recent Spring Exhibition from the brushes of these two men showed, in a forcible manner that permitted of no setting aside, what Canadian art can accomplish, and what a magnificent field of experiment and endeavour lies before the art student in this Dominion. Suzor-Coté's work is, primarily, that of a great colourist. He has studied nature in all her moods, this penetrating, introspective artist. He has

found out things by striving, and now he has found himself. He is sure of his methods, and he knows what he can do.

Maurice Cullen has been plodding forward for years, until he, too, is a matured artist. Vigour, the intense strength that comes of broad treatment with a pliable medium and under the direction of a skilled technician, is visible in his latest work as never before. It is all vitally atmospheric. The scenes live; there is nothing of transcription about them. The shadows lie along the snow-clad slopes as we have seen them, felt them. This is no copyist's work.

John Hammond affords another example of the awakening. He has discarded his previous well-known and easily recognizable smooth, landscape work, and gives us, instead, something much more virile, more vehement, so to speak—something which grips—whereas what he used to do merely pleased. This later technique of his suggests Brangwyn, but it is in no sense imitative. Whether he will pursue it or not, only the future can tell. But there would seem to be immense possibilities in it.

The younger men have added emphasis to the note of departure. A. Y. Jackson, Arthur D. Rosaire, A. Wilkie Kilgour, Randolph S. Hewton, F. W. Hutchison, and C. W. Simpson, to mention the more notable, all showed pictures that revealed originality, a striving to get away from the dull routine of the dull convention that has meant so many dull exhibitions in previous years.

Rosaire reveals himself as a man who has been influenced by French Impressionist work, but he is not the slave of his predilections. His sense of atmospheric values is invariably sure; he gives great promise as a colourist, and his brush-work conveys a sense of strength held in restraint.

Kilgour revels in the open air, and has succeeded in

impressing on his canvas permanent visions of fleeting moments by mountain lakes that contain all the pent-up beauty and inspiration of the heights. His skill in suggesting the atmospheric charms of lake scenery is noteworthy.

A. Y. Jackson's work was in many ways quite as interesting as that of anybody who exhibited this year. Jackson is an Impressionist. He knows the line where sanity ends and the kingdom of freaks begins. He pushes the Impressionist technique and theory to the limit, but he does not overstep it. Such work as "The Fountain" and "Assisi from the Plain" stamp him as an earnest student, a skilful draughtsman, a colourist who is likely to make a name for himself, and an artist of acute perception.

R. S. Hewton and J. G. Lyman are clever painters who affect the Post-Impressionistic School.

Hutchison is a painter of atmospheric landscapes, and the best of those he showed was one of Oka. He actually made his canvas convey, with much power, a vivid sense of the atmosphere of calm and peace that rest upon the famous Trappist monastery and settlement. He should go far.

Simpson can paint the wonder of sunrise on the waters as one who feels it deep in his soul. He is evidently no mere adherent to any school for form's sake, but a seeker after truth, wherever he may happen to find a trace of it.

The work of the older artists whose style is more or less fixed has not escaped the general inclination towards a forward movement. William Brymner's skilful and facile landscapes, warm in tone, restful in atmosphere, and smooth in colouring; Edmond Dyonnet's scholarly portraits; Horne Russell's virile portraiture; the magnificent "Self-Portrait" of the veteran Robert Harris, C.M.G., the finest thing of its kind any Canadian exhibition has seen for years; Miss Laura Muntz's child-studies, showing

a very distinct departure from her previous style, and a striving after a greater approximation to truth and to nature through a greater breadth and less regard for unnecessary detail—these, and others which are omitted, not because they are unworthy of mention, but because the list is too long, indicate that Canadian art is not going backward, but that, on the contrary, it is making a step forward.

Strangely enough, this applies to the oil and pastel sections alone. In water-colours there is not only no improvement but a very emphatic backsliding. The explanation may lie in the limitations of the class, or it may be that Canadian artists find their best expression through the medium of oils. So long as they show such progress as has been briefly indicated above, I am not at all sure that I care very much whether they neglect water-colours or not.

S. MORGAN POWELL



# GRAPHIC ART

By ARTHUR LISMER



## GRAPHIC ART

**R**ECOGNITION of Graphic Art in Canada has always occupied a subordinate place to that given to oil and water colours, but it is now advancing to a position hitherto unapproached. Its centre has been in Toronto, where the Graphic Arts Club, a small body of active and energetic workers, has steadily striven for a higher technique and a broader vision. The fruit of this is now seen in the expansion of the Club to a Dominion-wide membership; it has been thrown open to illustrators living throughout the country. This step will be followed by the holding of exhibitions in the various cities, beginning with one in London, Ontario, during the coming autumn. Thus the Club seeks to be of practical benefit to Canadian illustrators everywhere, as the exhibitions will be open to non-members.

The Graphic Arts Club of Toronto was organized in 1905 with a membership composed of illustrators, designers, and workers in the various branches of the reproductive arts. Its numerous exhibitions and activities testify to its high standing as a club of sincere and enthusiastic workers. The Graphic Art Section of the Canadian National Exhibition has, since 1908, been controlled and arranged by this society. This section of the exhibition is undoubtedly one of the finest international exhibitions of Graphic Art held on this continent. The leading exponents of the illustrator's art in Great Britain, the United States, and Canada are well represented.

At the exhibition of 1912, the English section included a superb collection of lithographs from the Senefelder Club, coloured etchings from the Society of Coloured Etchers, and magazine and book illustrations. The American illustrators were represented by drawings in colour and black and white, made for the leading publishing houses in that country. The Canadian section is growing in numbers and improving in quality each year, necessitating a higher standard of selection and more space. Last year it comprised a good representation of illustrations and over forty etchings. The Canadian National Exhibition purchased works from the Graphic Arts section for the permanent collection to the value of \$1000.

It is gratifying to note that the art of etching is becoming increasingly popular as a means of expression with Canadian artists. It has received a decided stimulus from the work of Miss Dorothy Stevens and John W. Cotton, who have returned to Canada from residence abroad. In view of the interest shown in this branch of art the Society of Graphic Art has installed an etching press in their Toronto studio.

The opportunities of the illustrator in Canada are at the present time limited, but the field is widening, and with growing appreciation of graphic art, the development of the arts of reproduction, and the desire of the illustrators to be of value to the publishers of books and magazines, the opportunity for the Canadian illustrator should be considerably improved. To encourage and foster this growth is the policy of the Society of Graphic Art.

ARTHUR LISMER

# CANADIAN ART: A RESUMÉ

By E. WYLY GRIER





## CANADIAN ART: A RESUMÉ

THE position of the painter in Canada in relation to his contemporaries is very much the same as that occupied by the artist in England. In a land where the inhabitants pride themselves on their industrial achievements, the possession of the subtler senses is not wholly joyous, and the possessor is often looked upon with suspicion. As the fatigue produced by the tremendous and constant pressure of the water is to the swimmer, so is the deadly, suffocating effect of the weight of surrounding utilities on the artist in a country of commerce. In England the dreamer of the family goes into the Church, or accepts a mild tutorship. Sometimes he paints or writes poetry. Then his troubles begin. Either of these occupations is highly revolutionary in a British community. The artist is conscious of it himself. He is probably defiant in his utterances in verse or in paint. If he is any good he can't paint acceptable Academy pictures, and can't write popular and saleable verse. Only one here and there, whose talent is the superstructure of a very strong character, who is the more determined as he is the more rebuffed, ultimately succeeds.

On this continent the artist is even more singular than in Britain. We have no leisured class; no idle sons to potter with dilettante pursuits, and who, almost unconsciously, drift into art. In Canada, the artistic youngster, realizing that he must make a living, apprentices himself to a firm of lithographers or designers, learns his "high"

art in the evenings at an art class or school, and gradually emerges into the glare of the public exhibitions and achieves fame. This fame is local in its early stages, and is more easily attained than in England, where the competitors are more numerous, and where distinct recognition at the great exhibitions of Europe is the criterion of merit. In Canada, too, those picture collectors who are not guided by the dealers are quick to recognize budding genius.

What effect is the sum of this genius going to produce on the world?

We have had the annual exhibitions of the Ontario Society of Artists and the Canadian Art Club; and, in September of last year, the annual Canadian National Exhibition; and, in November, the Royal Canadian Academy showed their pictures.

The Ontario Society of Artists, an essentially democratic body, made up largely of workers in semi-commercial fields of art, showed, as in former years, the evidences of new talent and new points of view. Arthur Lismer's "Clearing" struck a vivid Canadian note, as did C. W. Jefferys' pictures of the prairies. These latter were shown—three of them—in New York in the spring, at a little exhibition of nine Canadians, and did much to relieve the show of that rather tamely respectable general appearance which our work has, after looking at the flights of the Americans—who take much bigger risks.

The Canadian Art Club included a good deal of work of the mature kind which is its quest: and, inasmuch as it succeeds in gathering pictures by men of international reputation, we are under a debt to it. Horatio Walker, Ernest Lawson, and J. W. Morrice bulk large in the public eye. Not the least interesting of these is Morrice, whose work, while it recalls Whistler,

is personal, idiosyncratic. I wonder what defect in myself it is which makes me think that his products are aptly described by the words of James Ashcroft Noble, who speaks of a particular class of literary work as "coterie performance—the kind of performance which appeals to an acquired sense, and gives to the admirer a certain pleasing consciousness of aloofness from the herd."

The Royal Canadian Academy includes a majority of the exhibitors in the smaller organizations.

The Canadian National Exhibition, again, shelters most of these workers under its roof, and places their output beside the best pictures it can collect in Europe and the United States.

It might be interesting to turn for a moment to our contemporaries over the line, whose problems are much the same as our own.

The pictures of Arthur B. Davies are regarded by his fellow-countrymen as being about the most significant of the present contributions to the Art of America. Why? I have seldom heard a brother painter speak with any enthusiasm about any individual picture; but the general weight of his work is considered preponderating. His exhibition at Macbeths' in the spring of 1912 included many small canvasses. Most of the themes—so far as one could understand them—were derived from Sicily or Greece. These were shepherds, nymphs, young men and maidens of uncertain occupations, dancers, and—above all—goats. There were mountains—near; and mountains on the horizon. The prevailing sentiment or flavour was Botticellian. This, a majority of the American painters will tell you, is the highest type of their country's art. Is it American? Is it native? In popular estimation, Horatio Walker is accorded a high place. His work,

as everyone knows, portrays, for the most part, rural life of the pastoral kind; his *motifs* being mainly derived from *L'Ile D'Orleans* in Canada. Arthur B. Davies and Horatio Walker, vastly as each differs from the other, seem to me to be European in sentiment; but both are claimed by our neighbours as great Americans. There are, however, several painters in the United States, who are not necessarily occupied by distinctively American themes, but whose work exhibits a native quality of point of view or technique. These constitute the gathering point of a great future school of recognizably American art. There are, too, in our Canadian picture galleries, many hopeful signs, but they do not reveal, as yet, a compelling force. Our art has some of the charm of a flowing river, but not the onward progress of a rising tide. We who paint know something of the underworkings of this thing—the bubblings and churnings which scarcely yet ripple the surface. The connoisseur is faintly cognizant; only the dealer is unaware. I am reluctant to introduce into the peaceful circle of the sister arts that perennial bone of contention, the subject of national art. But I believe that our art will never hold a commanding position, to use a soldier's phrase, until we are stirred by big emotions born of our landscape; braced to big, courageous efforts by our climate; and held to patient and persistent endeavour by that great pioneer spirit which animated the explorers and soldiers of early Canada. The thing needs courage. All original art depends for its adequate utterance and ultimate victory upon the possession of this quality. The painter, beleaguered by the hosts of Philistia, is solitary, and must be a giant—first, to hold his fortress, and then to conquer the surrounding territory. There is something of the romantic interest of knight-errantry in our under-

taking. Let us prick our way across the plain—ye Gods, it is plain at times!—with bold *insouciance*. We have forsworn the prizes of commerce; let us be satisfied with a fluttering scarf, a rose; perchance—who knows?—a wreath of laurel.

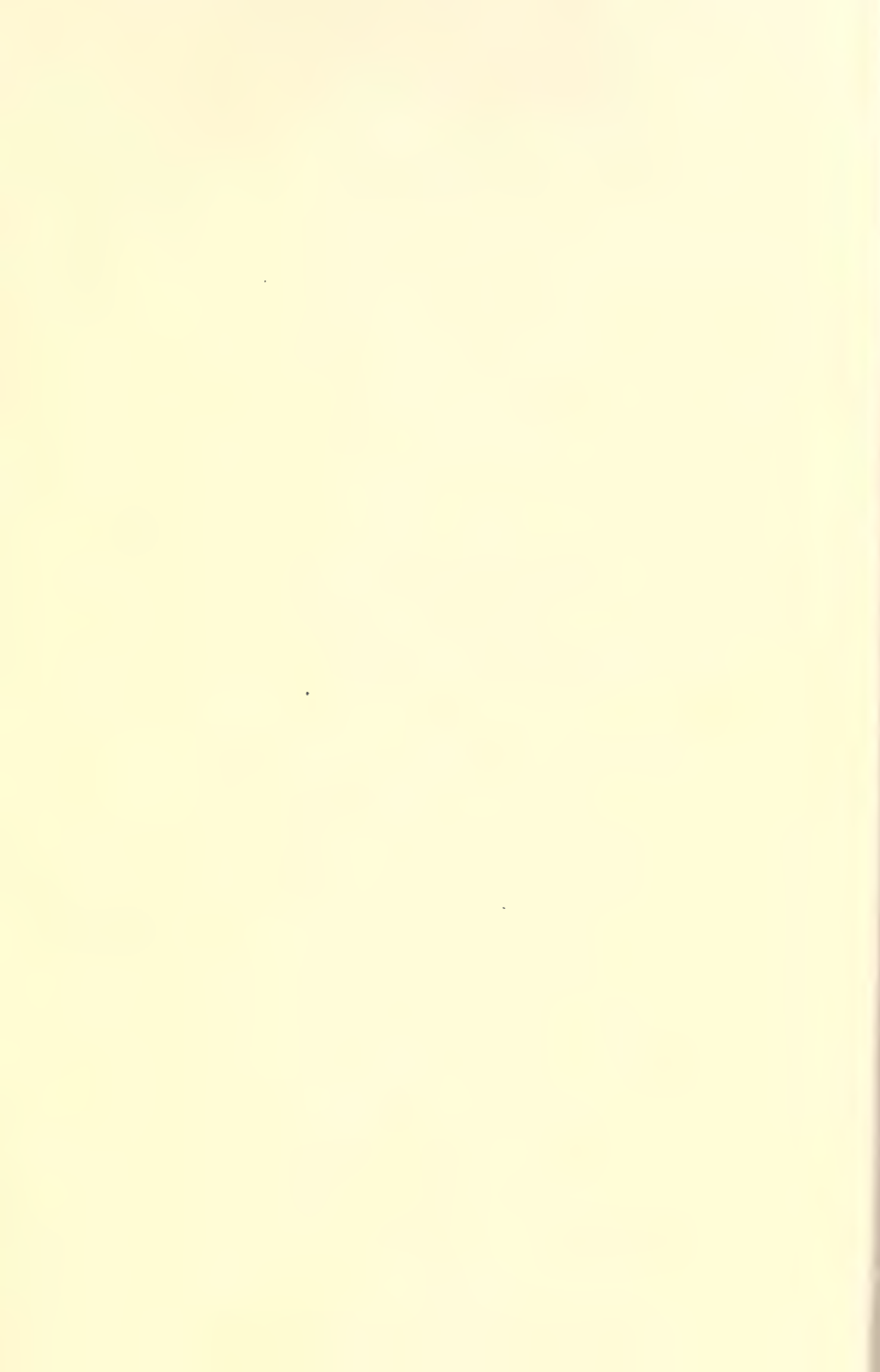
E. WYLY GRIER





WALTER ALLWARD, SCULPTOR

BY PROFESSOR JAMES MAVOR



## WALTER ALLWARD, SCULPTOR

**W**ALTER ALLWARD is, in the strict sense, a native product. He was born in Toronto in 1876, and has been there ever since. At the age of fifteen he left school and entered the office of an architect, where he remained for four and a half years. At the end of that period he went to the Don Valley Brick Works, where he learned to model ornamental figures in terra-cotta. He did not attend an art school, but he did become a member of a sketch club, and in this way he improved his natural talent as a draughtsman. In 1896, while he was employed at the Brick Works, he received his first commission, the outcome of which was the monument in Queen's Park, Toronto, erected as a memorial to those who fell in the North-West Rebellion Campaign of 1885. Apart from a number of busts, which were executed for the Ontario Department of Education, Allward's second commission was the statue of General John Graves Simcoe, in the Queen's Park (1901), and there followed, in the same place, Sir Oliver Mowat (1905) and John Sandfield Macdonald (1910). In 1911 there was erected at the junction of Queen Street and University Avenue the South African Memorial designed and modelled by Allward. He is now (1913) engaged on three important commissions—the Bell Telephone Memorial at Brantford; the King Edward Memorial, which is to be erected at Ottawa, near the Houses of Parliament, over-

looking the Ottawa River, and the Baldwin-Lafontaine monument, which is to find a place also near the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa.

The works which are most indicative of his genius are those in which there is some opportunity for the exercise of the imagination. It cannot be denied that his statue of John Sandfield Macdonald is a dignified and even graceful figure, but the perpetuation in bronze of the fashionable costume of politicians of the end of the nineteenth century does not necessarily yield a thing of beauty, however eminent the subject, and however desirable it may be that a grateful country should hold him in remembrance.

Where Allward shines is in those compositions where he is free to select or to design his figures, and to dispose them in such a way as to suggest some symbolism and at the same time to offer fine lines. In all of Allward's figure pieces of this kind, he has been successful in seizing and fixing aspects of masculine, as well as of feminine, beauty. For example, in his South African Memorial the two soldier figures on the base are admirably conceived. They represent not merely strong masculine types but they represent also types of refinement and beauty. There is in them the true spirit of a memorial in which the subjects of it are exalted and refined by death. The figure of the Canadian Madonna on the base, and that of Peace holding a crown, the symbol of Empire, on the top of the spire, are both finely conceived in the same manner. So also in the Bell Telephone Memorial, Allward has designed a symbolical group on a grand scale, with a vast space separating the two members of the group, one figure speaking and another listening. In this memorial, the pedestal of which is of granite, disposed on a circle of 50 feet in



WALTER S. ALLWARD







THE KING EDWARD MEMORIAL AT OTTAWA



diameter, there are in all five figures, two on a scale of 12 feet, or about twice natural size, and three on a scale of 9 ft. or about one-and-a-half times natural size.

The King Edward Memorial, which is now in process of elaboration, is to be executed in granite or marble as regards the background, and in bronze as regards the figures. In this composition there are four figures: the King idealized, robed and crowned, leans against a wall; at the other end of the long background are Knowledge, or Truth and Justice; above is the figure of Peace embedded in the background; beneath, and half buried in the stone, are some cannon. The legend which Allward intends to place upon the base of the memorial is:—

Through Justice and Truth he strove,  
That war might cease and peace descend over all the Earth.

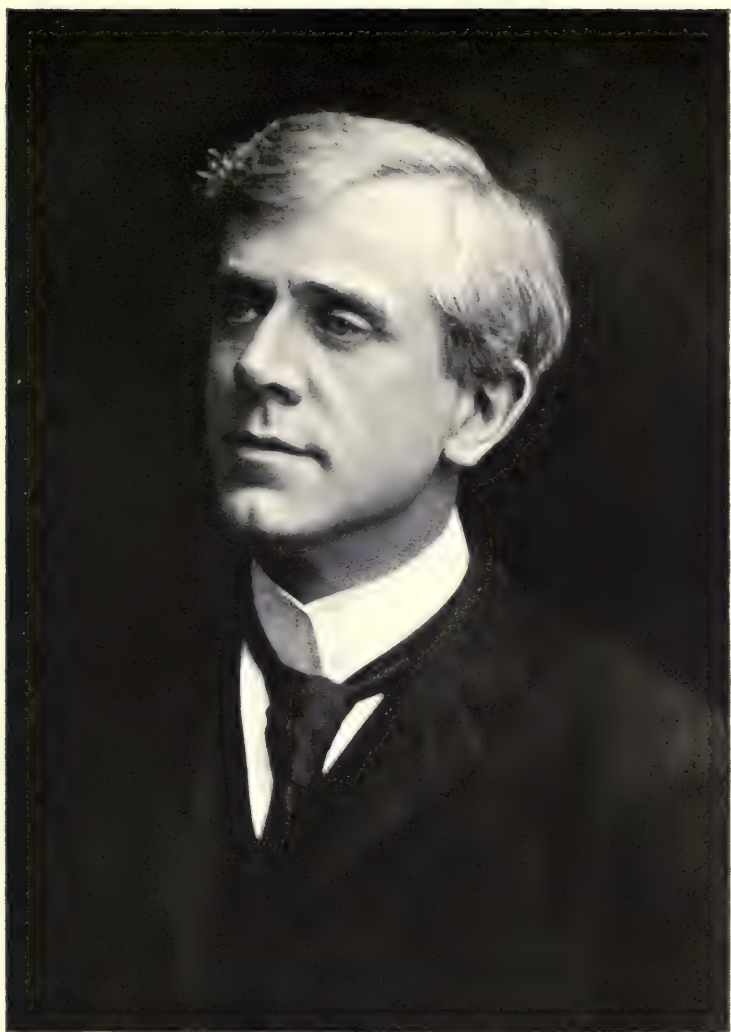
In both of these monuments, he has struck a high if sombre note. The figures tell their symbolical story with the imperturbable assurance which is the sign of all high art. "Thus and not otherwise," as Swinburne says of a passage in "Jane Eyre," "must these things be." This calm inevitability, unforced and unaggressive, gives Allward's imaginative work the stamp of works of art—a stamp which raises the sculptor into a field in which he has no competitor in this country at the present time.

JAMES MAVOR



JOHN A. PEARSON, MASTER BUILDER

By ALAN SULLIVAN



JOHN A. PEARSON



## JOHN A. PEARSON, MASTER BUILDER

**B**IG, broad-shouldered, loose-jointed, greyish hair, responsive, contemplative blue eyes, and the softest, kindest voice imaginable—such is John A. Pearson's front elevation. His interior equipment is an extraordinary mastery of detail, an enormous capacity for work, that flames occasionally into an almost savage determination, firm convictions in the matter of architectural expression, and an inexhaustible fund of quizzical natural humour. Born of Scottish parents in the North of England, just forty-six years ago, he came to New York on a two months' trip when he was twenty-one. His people for generations had been builders. His grandfather and father constructed the magnificent pile of Arundel Castle for the Duke of Norfolk. Always Pearson had been naturally dominated by the thought of construction.

New York did not attract. After a few days he came to Toronto, and began work on the plans and specifications of the Children's Hospital. This was for the then firm of Darling & Sproatt. These finished, the question arose as to who should build the Hospital. Pearson volunteered, and carried the undertaking to completion. This, at the age of twenty-one, was a good beginning. Then came the great fire of 1892 in St John's, Newfoundland. Pearson reckoned that there was a new city to be built, and started post-haste. In two years he had done a million dollars' worth of work. Later he made

his sign-mark all over the Eastern Provinces, thence to Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver, blazing an architectural trail from coast to coast.

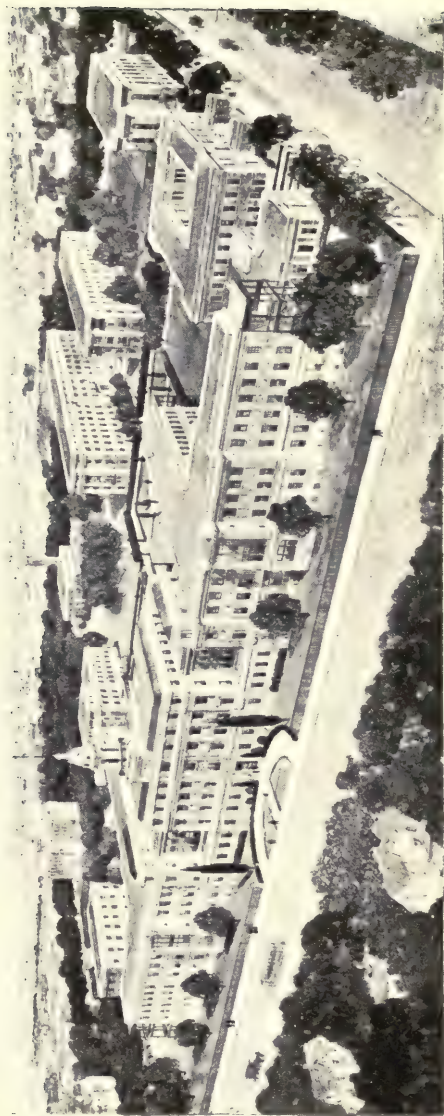
His association with Frank Darling has lasted nearly twenty-five years. An admirable combination this, in which one man evolves broad classic proportion, harmony and dignity, and the other brings to bear on all projected designs an uncanny knowledge of detail, structural materials, and building possibilities and limitations. They fight—both partners admit it—fight with a cheerful acrimony over plan after plan. A recent meeting of bank directors, to which the firm were submitting their plans for large offices, developed into a series of unmodulated differences between the two. No half-way measures were countenanced; “prove it or discard it” was their mutual argument. When the “smoke” cleared away, the directors felt doubly assured.

Among the buildings recently erected, or at present under construction, may be enumerated the following:—

- The Toronto General Hospital. Cost \$3,500,000.
- The Dominion Bank Building, Toronto. Cost \$1,500,000.
- C.P.R. Building, Toronto. Cost \$850,000.
- The Canadian Bank of Commerce, Montreal. Cost \$900,000.
- The Canadian Bank of Commerce, Winnipeg. Cost \$750,000.

This is in no way a complete list, but will serve to show the magnitude of the work constantly being undertaken.

It would be impossible to estimate the expenditures they have made for their clients; and, as a matter of fact, the firm is more interested in producing structures



THE TORONTO GENERAL HOSPITAL



of pure design and perfect construction than in amassing a fortune. This is the comforting thing about Pearson's work. One feels that what he does will be well and faithfully done, with a lavish outlay of personal care and research that is rarely covered by an architect's percentage of cost. Of Pearson, it is said that he will let nothing pass that he does not understand. His larger view is that the architecture of a country should express the individuality of its people;—a sane view is this, amongst the monstrosities with which our cities are sometimes burdened.

Pearson's firm has for years done all the work of the Bank of Commerce, and designed its hundreds of buildings. A double object has been kept in view: first, that of securing for the bank every inch of available floor space, coupled with the most advantageous arrangements; and secondly, of impressing the business man with the character and security of the bank with which he deals. This is nothing more than the sense of fitness applied to everyday life, and that is where Pearson shines.

The new Toronto General Hospital just opened is an admirable instance of Pearson's mastery of detail. Qualified critics have called it, from the air-washing plant to the operating room, the last word in hospital design. How much of himself went into it, Pearson only knows, but he worked out all those innumerable perfections of constructional detail on which depends the successful carrying on of the hospital's mission of mercy.

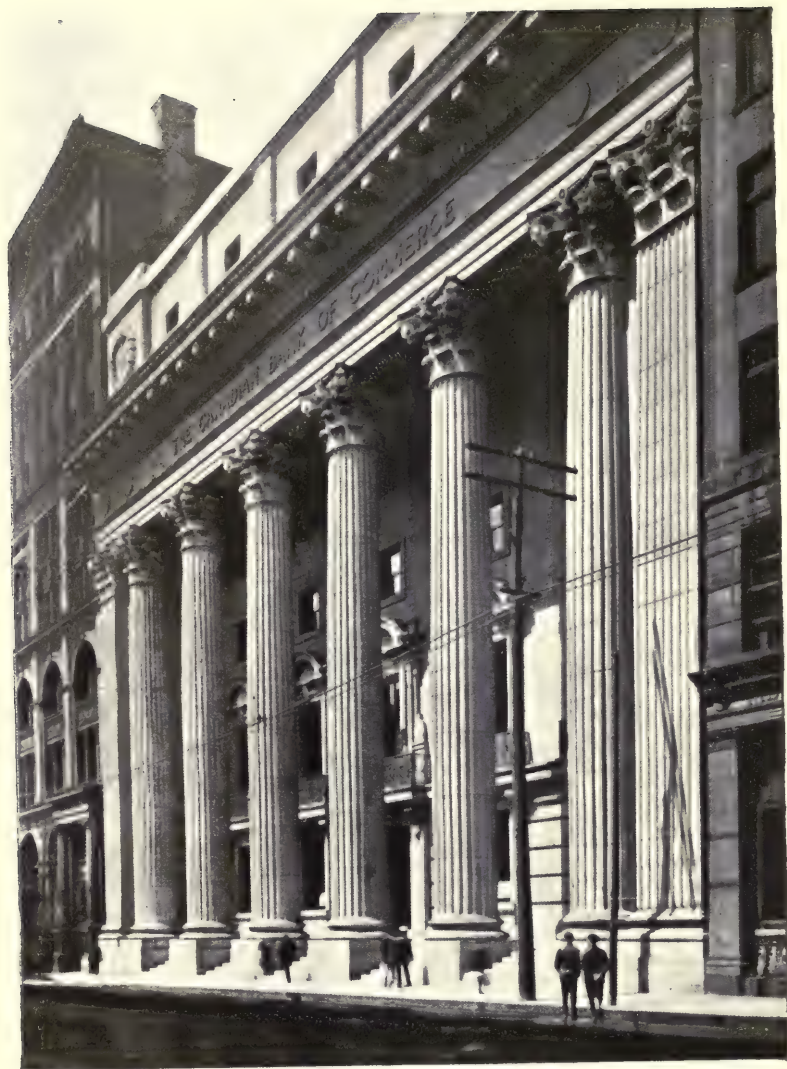
It is not too much to say that those citizens who subscribed so generously to the cost of this magnificent institution were comforted by the thought that in the hands of this notable pair the money would be spent to the best possible advantage.

The most recent undertaking is the new twelve-story



head office building of the Dominion Bank, on the south-west corner of King and Yonge Streets, Toronto. The intersection of these streets marks the most valuable building sites in Ontario, and the ability to secure the greatest possible area is a tremendous factor in such construction. The footings of this structure are carried forty feet below, and project partly beneath King and Yonge Streets. It is surrounded by high and heavy buildings. Across Yonge Street is the C.P.R. building, the highest in the empire. Adjoining the new undertaking is the Michie building, whose foundations are only eight or ten feet below the surface. Excavation was, therefore, a delicate operation; and within the last few days an incident occurred to illustrate the resource of Pearson. The permeable soil of Yonge Street settled. It is traversed by numerous mains—water, gas, and electric. It carries a tremendous traffic. Slowly, but apparently irresistibly, the easterly wall of the excavation moved inward. There appeared the increasing danger of an accident that would demoralize the nerve centre of the city. Water-mains, three feet in diameter, were imperilled. One large main burst and flooded the excavation. On the edge of the pit was balanced the weight of great buildings. Then into the muck jumped Pearson—dominant, confident, resourceful, knowing exactly what to do and what to do it with. For sixty hours his sweating gangs laboured—shoring, underpinning, and strengthening. Regulations governing Sunday labour were thrust aside. He demanded and got all that his eighty men had to give. Order gradually replaced chaos; safety displaced danger; and at the end, Pearson climbed out, dirty, weary, triumphant, and supremely happy—a master fabricator, who once more had asserted his mastery. It was an emergency job, one that depended





THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE, MONTREAL





THE SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY BUILDING, MONTREAL



absolutely on the courage, ability, and ingenuity of a single individual. One can understand why many of the greatest construction firms in Canada and the United States have generously admitted that Pearson is the cleverest builder of them all.

In domestic architecture Pearson's firm has produced some of the most charming houses in Canada. Always quiet, restful, and harmonious, one finds in them no orgies of plate glass and cut stone. There is seldom any profit in domestic architecture for a firm that erects large buildings. The percentage on outlay is not sufficient to cover the time occupied in working out and superintending the construction of those personal details that make a house "livable." But what Pearson has done has been carried out faithfully, perfectly—one might almost say, lovingly.

In talking with Pearson, one is impressed by the fact that he is what might be called "memorial." He clings to old associations, old reminiscences—all those dear shadowy things that move silently in the mind of every deeply thinking man. His material interests are Canadian, but the Scot lives strongly in him. He is of the breed to which Canada owes so much.

One is also struck by the natural and keen analysis that characterizes his professional side. He does not anticipate or desire what might be called a Canadian type of architecture. He holds that the climatic extremes and differences of our three thousand miles width of territory, and the range between, say, Toronto and Edmonton, call for types of building, each the natural development of its own environment. He believes that the building material of each district must dominate in a general way its architectural individuality; and his knowledge of these materials is amazing. He feels further-

more that we are at present, in a building sense, more or less inchoate; that we have not yet properly adapted to our own uses products fabricated primarily for gentler climates. He is strong on sanitation, and states his belief that Canadian houses, particularly in Toronto, are in the main the most healthful and sanitary in the world.

In short, he reminds one of "*la main de fer dans gant velours*." Outwardly genial, companionable, a man's man, with hosts of friends; inwardly determined, unwearying, resourceful, and master of his calling; and, better than all, one who honours his profession, who finds in it the vehicle of expressing not only his own interpretations, but also the ambitions, the progress and the confidence of the people amongst whom he labours.

ALAN SULLIVAN





THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY BUILDING, WATERLOO, ONT.



ARCHITECTURAL DEVELOPMENT  
IN CANADA

By A. H. CHAPMAN



## ARCHITECTURAL DEVELOPMENT IN CANADA

**T**HERE is something essentially human in architectural development in Canada. At first, when the country was very young and not very certain of itself, the builders held rather strictly to precedent established in the Mother Country, and it happened to be at a period when architecture was worked out very much according to rules based on Classic or Gothic examples, as the case might be. This method, though mincing, was at least safe, and in many cases produced some really good and attractive buildings.

Examples of this influence can be seen in many carefully proportioned houses with their refined Georgian details, and in the more pretentious buildings we often see a good deal of Classic purity such as the old Cawthra residence on the north-east corner of King and Bay Streets, Toronto, and also the old St Lawrence Market, Toronto. In ecclesiastical work we see the result of holding to precedent in such churches as the old St Paul Church on Bloor Street, and the little church in St James Cemetery in the same city.

The next step was when we began to depart from our home influence and the precedents established by old work, and to think for ourselves. We had lost the respect for the really good old work, and the effort seemed to be after originality and novelty and, as usually happens, at such a period all kinds of spurious styles were

in vogue. I think it is unnecessary to mention any examples of this period: they are only too numerous, and it is painful to recall them.

We have been unconsciously maturing, however, and it now seems that a new light is breaking in upon the architecture of the country. To better understand this new movement in architecture, let us consider the influences bearing upon the question. Canada is, to-day, subjected to the influences of two very distinct schools, one strong in the refined sense of traditional beauty, the other strong in effective, modern organizations for producing good architecture; one influenced by the work of clever individual artists, the other by the training of a great school, the *École des Beaux Arts* of Paris. A welding of these two influences should produce the basis of a great architectural development, and it looks as though that process is taking place in Canada.

When the position of Canada between these two influences is grasped, her work can be easily understood. On one building the effort after refined beauty of expression can be seen, on the next the broad, simple, academic handling of the problem in relation to its purpose.

The English influence shows the artist a little lost in his problem, but with a keen sense of refinement, while the American influence shows the builder shaping the building to its purpose in a broader and more convincing manner that is almost brutal at times. One seems to be striving after abstract beauty, the other after correct logical architecture.

As may be gathered from two such different results, the system by which they are obtained must be different. Owing to the same economic conditions prevailing in Canada that developed the system in the States, we



probably will, in this respect, follow the latter. The great question before us is—Will we in following the American system of work add to it the elements that prevail in the English work?

Let me explain the system we are moving towards. The tendency in this country, where there is great building activity, is for large offices to accumulate an enormous quantity of work, and instead of its being the creation of one man it is the creation of an organization of assistants who become certain office specialists. As these assistants are kept at a certain type of work they have opportunity of reaching greater perfection in their particular style than one who has to do detail work in several different styles; and if their work is dominated by one who has broad, architectural vision the result must be good.

Given many organizations of this type, a discriminating public taste, greater access to and powers of reproducing the beauties of ancient styles, it may be readily seen that competition must drive architecture up to a point of great academic perfection. With this development as a background a few individual artists will soar above academic perfection and then we shall have some really great works of architectural art. I think this is the future of architecture in Canada. We have far to go, but owing to our appreciation of architecture upon broad academic lines evinced by our neighbours to the south, and our respect and love for the traditional beauty and feeling expressed in the work of our Mother Country, and the great building era that we are entering upon, we should be able to reach high ideals.

A. H. CHAPMAN



THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS OF THE  
PROVINCE OF SASKATCHEWAN

By W. E. H. STOKES



## THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS OF THE PROVINCE OF SASKATCHEWAN

EVERY citizen of Saskatchewan, or indeed of the Dominion at large, may feel justly proud of the Legislative and Executive Building of this province. The architects, Edward and W. S. Maxwell, of Montreal, never appear to have lost sight of the main purpose of the structure as an executive and departmental office building. The most critical observer will fail to detect anything meretricious in the character of the ornamentation, and the lofty and dignified lines of its architecture are well preserved throughout.

The building is cruciform in shape, and the predominating style is French—a style of architecture which is very largely prevalent in the public buildings on this continent, many of the United States buildings being in this style.

An interesting feature is the material of which it is composed. This is a Manitoba stone from the well-known Tyndall quarries. It is very handsome and durable, and shows almost white in the sunshine, and has a distinct brown tinge in the gloom. This brown shade is caused by the fine “fern” markings in the stone. When it was in process of formation, and in its soft state, there was incorporated in it a heavy plant growth, and the markings run through the whole of its mass. A great number of fossil markings are also to be seen, and it is hard and lasting.

The main features of the interior are the rotunda and the corridors. These corridors are, we believe, the longest in the world. The corridor of St Thomas' Hospital in London was for many years the longest under one roof in the world, being 510 feet in length, but in this building the corridor is 535 feet in length. The rotunda is extremely handsome. The original intention was to have the pillars of plain white, but this idea was abandoned, and we now have the whole of the rotunda and the approaches to the Legislative Chamber in green Italian marble of great beauty. The rotunda is surmounted by a dome of solid concrete, which is nearly 100 feet above the roof. The whole effect and general style of the building is rather severe without being plain. It is absolutely satisfying to the eye, and being very harmonious its beauty seems to grow upon one. Altogether the design reflects the greatest credit on the architects and on the contractors. It took nearly three years to build, and cost about three million dollars.

The plans were designed to allow for great expansion in the provincial business, and the progress during the last few years has been so phenomenal that it is evident that the provision was none too great.

The building is situated on the banks of an artificial lake, formed by the damming of the Wascana Creek. The dam is crossed by a very handsome bridge and roadway. The grounds are being laid out by a resident landscape architect, and will in time no doubt be regarded as one of the noted beauty spots in the province. They are the largest of any legislative buildings in the world, the nearest competitor being at Melbourne, where the government building is on a site consisting of 40 acres, whereas this has 180 acres. The plan for the improvement of these grounds is comprehensive, and the visitor will be





THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS OF SASKATCHEWAN





THE C.P.R. BUILDING, TORONTO



surprised and delighted from the time he enters the magnificent wrought-iron gates until he leaves.

It is proposed to erect a stone balustrade entirely round the terrace at the foot of the walls. The floor of this terrace is already laid with granolithic pavement. The balustrade will carry a bronze railing, and will have clusters of electric lights at intervals along its entire length. This will give an appropriate finish to the appearance of the façade.

The elevators, the ventilation scheme and air-washing machinery, the numerous electrical devices in the kitchen, the refrigerating plant, the automatic temperature control, and many other details, are all of the most modern type, and, in fact, there are all sorts of up-to-date contrivances which contribute to the health and comfort of the occupants of the building. In many appropriate places, both inside the building and in the grounds, statuary will, in course of time, be erected.

W. E. H. STOKES





# DEVELOPMENT IN ARCHITECTURE

By F. REID



THE BANK OF TORONTO, TORONTO

## DEVELOPMENT IN ARCHITECTURE

**A**RCHITECTURE is a visible expression of the innate characteristics which tend to make a nation great. This has been evidenced for ages in the growth of the various peoples. And as the past lives through the accomplishment of their highest ideals, so to-day the voice of the clientele, speaking through the finished work of their artists, is writing the history of our inmost thoughts and ambitions. Classical Greece, imperialistic Rome, tyrannical Russia, domestic and conservative England have erected cities and villages in the spirit of their individual traits. As they lived so they built, and from the records of a glorious past we imbibe the motives which spurred them on to greatness.

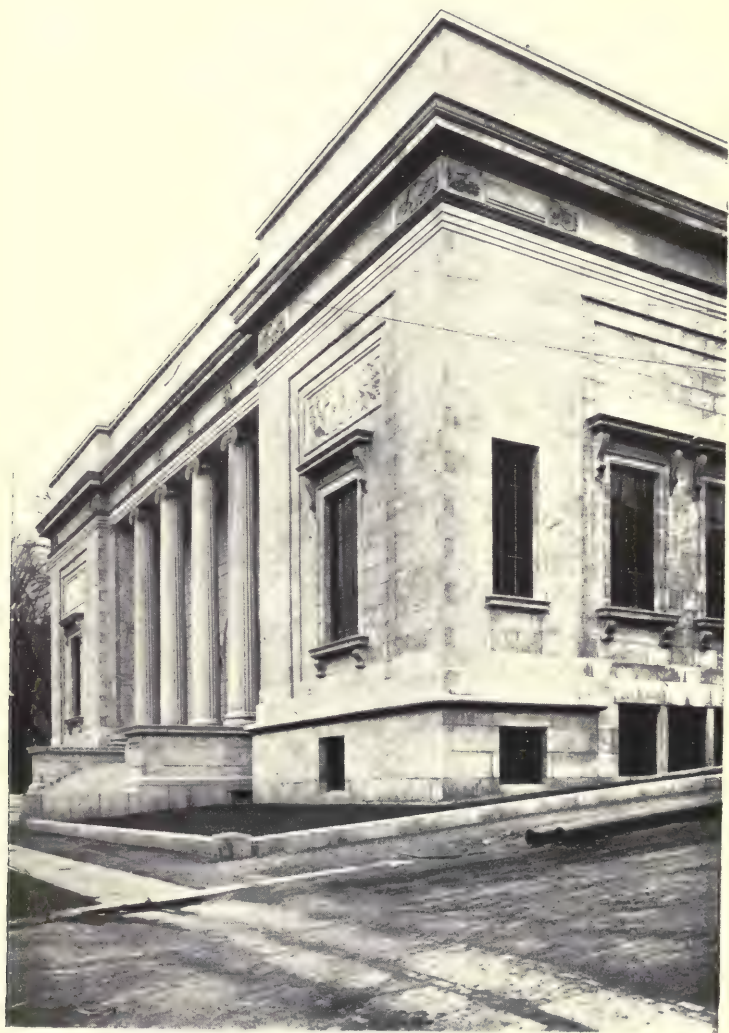
The past is ever the parent of the present, and the influence is so deeply rooted that it is impossible to express ourselves otherwise than in a manner wholly in keeping with what is uppermost in our mind. The Dominion of Canada is no exception, and, after a careful analysis, we find the great trend of our course is towards a commercialistic goal. It springs from an age of invention which tends to lure us from the esthetic realm to the practical. Irresistible in its effect, it sweeps us on in spite of our better judgment, towards a commercialistic architecture which is guided mainly by the mercenary spirit of the present era.

It would be unfair to attribute such a motive to all the work which is making Canada a potent factor in the pro-

gress of mankind. Every Province possesses examples in which the love for pure and noble art has risen above the thought of pecuniary gain. On these we base our hopes for the future, and see visions of an individual style of architecture which will vie with the illustrious works that stand as living monuments to the unselfish and esthetic spirit of yesterday.

In considering the work of the present, it must be borne in mind that only forty-six years have elapsed since the Confederation of the Provinces, and sixty-six from the establishment of the Canadian boundaries. During this brief period we have grown by leaps and bounds, producing a condition whereby it is practically impossible to house properly all our varied interests. Glance for a moment at the remarkable record of 1912. Per capita, the Dominion of Canada led all countries in building, which fact drew most favourable comment from the press of other nations. What this augurs for the future no one can foretell, but it is reliably stated that the astounding growth of last year will continue, and that 1913 will prove to be a strong leader in spite of the general depression existing throughout the world.

It is necessary to measure the limitations of the designer in comparing the Canadian field of architecture with that of other countries. Our client is nurtured in an atmosphere of keen competition. Measured by the extent of his business relations, he aims to excel, and, by so doing, becomes imbued with the purely practical nature of each venture. He demands the impossible. Sufficient funds are provided for structural needs and up-to-date mechanical equipment, but curtailed when allowing for design itself. Happily, people are beginning to feel the value of artistic structures, and are gradually emerging from their lethargy to a point of allowing the architect to



THE MONTREAL ART GALLERY





use his better judgment. When once the artist feels the confidence of the people behind him and is allowed to plunge conscientiously into all phases of his work, then, and only then, can we hope to compare the appearance of our cities with that of the artistic centres of Europe.

It would be extremely monotonous to mention all the meritorious work which has been done during the past year or so. As stated before, we have just passed through an unusual period, every city having produced a large number of artistic structures. The practical and strenuous spirit of our age has furnished the incentive for hemming our principal streets with business blocks; ornamenting our business sections with banks, theatres, municipal buildings, and post-offices; gracing our parks and public places with libraries, museums, and universities; enriching the suburban districts with attractive and palatial homes; lining the river sides and water fronts with factories, etc.

In commercial architecture the high standard maintained demonstrates the truthfulness of the statement issued by Leonard Stokes, of England, that the Canadian commercial buildings are better, architecturally, than those in the old country. Among the numerous structures of this type the district headquarters of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company in Toronto stands out as the highest building in the British Empire. The building is 236 feet in height, designed in grey Canadian granite and light, mat-glazed terra-cotta, and cost approximately one million dollars. The Transportation Building of Montreal, which is also expressive of our business growth, is clothed in limestone with bronze window and door frames. This structure has a record of being completed within ten months after the owners obtained possession of the site.

It has been stated that the most ornamental buildings throughout Canada are the banks and their branches. Such a condition naturally arises from their opulence, as well as the fact that there are some thirty chartered banks in Canada, many of which have at least three hundred branches. The new offices of the Bank of Toronto in Toronto compare most favourably with similar institutions in the States and in Europe. The exterior is of marble, with twenty-one large columns enriching the two main façades. Over the entrances are elaborately carved designs representing the arms of the Province. The large banking-room is of polished marble and bronze work, executed in an extremely delicate and refined manner. The Winnipeg branch of the Bank of Montreal, designed in white granite, and the Canadian Bank of Commerce in Montreal, of Stanstead granite, illustrate also the superior class of work that is being done in banking structures. The building of the Landed Banking and Loan Company at Hamilton is an excellent type.

The hotels of Canada erected recently form a chain reaching from the Maritime Provinces to the Western Coast. Many of them belong to the various railroads, which accounts for their richness in design and equipment. Among the most recent hostelries worthy of mention are the Château Laurier and the Ritz-Carlton. The Château Laurier at Ottawa covers 24,600 square feet of surface, having a magnificent frontage on the Rideau Canal of 285 feet. Built of granite and limestone, it forms an irresistible focussing-point for all the open spaces on Parliament Hill. The Ritz-Carlton at Montreal possesses a dignity and refinement unusual in this style of building. Upon the exterior the harmonious treatment of the limestone and terra-cotta add to the



THE MONTREAL ART GALLERY

The Staircase





THE CHATEAU LAURIER, OTTAWA





striking appearance of the delicately moulded ornament. The indirect system of lighting which gives the glorious spectacle of covered day is illustrative of the rapid progress made in this direction. The cost of the building was approximately \$2,000,000.

Educational institutions are constantly enriching our various provinces with chaste and well-equipped buildings. The new medical structure at M'Gill University ranks architecturally and educationally as one of the foremost of its kind in the world. It is modern in every respect, absolutely fireproof, and cost \$650,000. The new University for the Province of British Columbia will raise still further the high standard of educational centres, which are of such vast importance to the future welfare of our country.

The humanitarian aspect of life is voiced in the well-equipped hospitals springing up throughout the Dominion. The Toronto General Hospital, recently opened, compares favourably with the best examples found anywhere. All its buildings are constructed with outer walls of brick, floors of concrete, and division walls of terra-cotta blocks, all of which material exemplifies the efficiency of Canadian resources. Twenty-two million bricks of special size have been used in the construction of the various parts which unite to form the ensemble covering. The Hospital for the Insane at Brandon, built of local red brick and Tyndel stone, has a frontage of four hundred feet, and cost approximately \$1,000,000.

The work of the Provincial Legislatures is demanding larger quarters each succeeding year. Among the most important projects is the new Saskatchewan Parliament Building at Regina. Built in the English Renaissance, it offers a logical, practical, and architectural solution of the problem. It presents a dignified and monumental structure.

Hundreds of other examples could be cited to show the wealth of architecture scattered throughout the provinces. Buildings similar to the Montreal Art Gallery of white marble, or the Great West Life Assurance Company's building at Winnipeg, designed in Kootenay marble, are worthy of serious mention. But as this article aims to impress the force of character and splendid possibilities of Canadian architecture it would be unwise to give this the character of a tabulated form. What buildings have been mentioned are only a nucleus to which may be added scores of other structures equally worthy of mention. Canada is justly proud of her artistic homes which reveal the domestic love of a great people. And, judging from the work of only yesterday, we cannot fail to see the golden era rising above the mists of to-day which will scatter its glory throughout the domains of every province, enriching the Nation with works of art, unexcelled in their purity of design and practical nature.

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